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JANUARY 28, 1959

PRICE



The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



SABRINA
GOES BUSH

See pages 8 & 9

INSIDE AT • **P7** Secrets of a
A GLANCE • Dior model

P19 M.G. Eberhart's
new mystery

P25 How to help
your child



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JANUARY 28, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 34

Our cover

● British television star Sabrina cuddles a
koala to make her "Cuddle a Koala" song come
true during a day's outing we arranged at the
Sir Colin McKenzie Sanctuary, at Healesville,
Victoria. Our cover and the pictures on pages 8
and 9 are by staff photographer Laurie Kimber.

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The Weekly Round

● Having a good round figure like
10,000,000 to remember as Australia's
population will be a boon to schoolchildren,
people proud of their knowledge of statistics,
and quiz contestants.

RONALD McKIE, who
wrote the special Aus-
tralia Day feature on the
opposite page, was not as
lucky.

For his interesting story he
had to consult many reference
books. The results of his re-
search, however, will be en-
joyed by every reader.

Statistics Ronald collected
show that in the year ended
September, 1958, 222,627 chil-
dren were born in Australia.

Migration added 67,694
to the population, but deaths
reduced the overall increase
to 206,587.

AUSTRALIAN actor Eddy
Devereaux, whose wife,
Irene, arranged Sabrina's song
repertoire for the TV star's
Australian tour (pages 8 and
9), has made good in British
show business.

Irene, who describes her-
self as "funny-looking rather
than pretty," told Anne Mathe-
son, of our London staff:

"Eddy has been doing won-
derfully well in musical com-
edy. He had parts in four
films last year, and has another
four lined up for this year."

Irene, a comedienne, left the
stage on her marriage five
years ago. She and Eddy have
three sons.

As well as caring for her
children and producing acts
for TV shows, Irene has
turned the ground-floor studio
of her home in St. John's
Wood, London, into a school

for teaching up-and-coming
show-business youngsters.

Irene said that her husband
acted as technical adviser on
Sabrina's Australian songs.

"I went to him for all the
information about kangaroos
and kookaburras, including
how to spell them," she said.

WE have received aerial
color photographs for our
"Australia from the Air" series
from every State except Tas-
mania.

We are disappointed, and
want to show the beauty of
Tasmania from the air to the
same advantage as other
States. If readers have any
photographs in color of Tas-
mania, we would be pleased to
see them.

New contest

● Amelia Eden, niece
of Sir Anthony Eden,
sacrificed a life of
ease because of her
love for her Italian
ferryboat engineer
husband, Giovanni
Borrelli. In our next
issue Amelia tells her
story and we an-
nounce a new con-
test: What sacrifice
would you make or
have you made for
the man you love?
Cash prizes awarded
for the best letters.

THE FIRST TEN MILLION

● Old and new Australians, as they reach and pass January 26, 1959, the 171st birthday of this country, are at the start of an historic year.

And the reason: For the first time there are 10,000,000 of them to celebrate what was only a dream less than half a century ago.

THE precise date of the 10th million won't be known until later, but those reliable people the statisticians say that Australia's population should reach double figures before we're all a couple of months older.

Ten million is a small population in a land the size of the United States, below a string of islands like Indonesia, where 85,000,000 people live, but it's still a lot for a country that was only beginning when most others were already old or ancient.

So let's glance back at the milestones marking each million in our development and see where they stand in our history, and why.

Australia was still a rumor on inaccurate maps when the 200,000 people of London, the 4,000,000 people of England mourned the death of their famous Queen at the end of the Elizabethan era in 1603, when exploration of our immediate seas was just beginning.

And there were already 9,000,000 people in England and nearly 4,000,000 (700,000 negroes) in the United States when Governor Arthur Phillip arrived in 1788 with the First Fleet to begin the history of this country.

Australia began with 1024 people, most of them convicts, took 46 years to reach a population of 100,000, and 64 years to reach half a million.

Then she got a move on, and the reason she reached her first million by 1858—70 years after foundation—was gold.

The 1850s, Australia's golden decade, marked an exciting, turbulent new beginning for this country, which had just emerged from its convict era of autocratic government.

Two-fifths of the thousands who poured into Australia seeking gold in that decade were farm laborers, domestics, and mechanics. The others were a cocktail of famous and infamous names—fugitives, adventurers, intelligentsia, scallawags, and even a few who had used the miner's pick and cradle.

They certainly changed this country's history and momentum for the better, for, after the gold madness, when towns emptied, ships were tied up, and civil life almost stopped, a new era for Australia began.

Fortunately, the diggers included many well-informed men of advanced political and social views who had refused to be docile. English Chartists, Irish Home Rulers, and Continental rebels of 1848 were among them.

Official injustice and irritation led to Eureka, when diggers burned their hated licences, threw up an armed stockade, and flew the blue flag spangled with the stars of the Southern Cross—the flag of the Republic of Victoria—before troops stormed the stockade and broke the rebellion on December 3, 1854—the only rebellion in our history, except for a minor rising of Irish convicts decades before.

But Australia found something more than £100,000,000 worth of gold in that stirring decade, for the gold, and those who sought it, produced in turn a social and economic revolution, a sudden great increase in capital

and trade, and helped lay the foundations of liberal forms of representative government.

From 1858—year of the first million—Australia took 19 years to reach her second million (in 1877) and another 12 years to reach her third (in 1889).

This may seem slow after the tremendous burst in population between 1851 (405,000 people) and 1861 (1,145,000), and there are special reasons for it.

The gold boom began to peter out in the late 1850s, when mining companies and machinery gradually replaced the individual digger, and in the early 1860s Australia actually lost population to the New Zealand goldrushes.

Assisted and free migration and high natural increase—Victorian families were large—soon regained this loss, but not until 1871—only 88 years ago—did Australian-born exceed British and foreign-born in our population.

As population increased, the logical outlet for new people was the land, but the land was "locked." A few graziers in 1856 held more than half of Victoria. In 1860 a quarter of New South Wales was in a few hands.

Responsible people realised that if monopoly like this continued Australia would stagnate. Something had to be done—and it was.

From 1860 to 1890 was the great era of the unlocking of the land, expansion of the wool industry, tremendous growth of agriculture from primitive beginnings, and of manufacturing industries behind a protective tariff, the rise of the trade unions.

This was also the time of the first flowering of an essentially Australian literature and art. The writers of the 1880s onward wrote not as nostalgic expatriate Englishmen but as Australians who saw, felt, and interpreted their country for the first time.

The artists stopped painting gum trees like

AUSTRALIAN MILESTONES

1024 people . . .	1788
First million . . .	1858
Second million . . .	1877
Third million . . .	1889
Fourth million . . .	1905
Fifth million . . .	1918
Sixth million . . .	1926
Seventh million . . .	1939
Eighth million . . .	1949
Ninth million . . .	1954
Tenth million . . .	1959



1959—start of a new era

oaks and began to put on canvas the Australian scene and life as it was.

In 1889, year of our third million, Australia was booming. Then the boom burst.

The inflationary policies of colonial Governments, plus reckless business and land speculation, plus drought and falling wool prices, led to depression, with its bank crashes, unemployment, strikes, and great industrial lockouts of the early 1890s.

In 1887-1891 arrivals of new people exceeded departures by nearly 147,000, but by 1899-1900 departures exceeded arrivals by 10,000.

Because of depression, drought, fewer migrants, only 3,765,000 Australians entered the 20th century, and the fourth million didn't come up, as conditions improved, until 1905, or 16 years after the population reached 3,000,000.

More than one-third of the 4,000,000 lived in N.S.W., less than one-third in Victoria, nearly one-seventh in Queensland, and nearly one-tenth in South Australia.

Australia's working population since the golden decade had redistributed itself into a new pattern. Of 40 breadwinners in 1900, nine earned a living on the land, three in mines, five in offices, shops, and warehouses, nearly seven in manufacturing, four in building and construction, nearly five in domestic service, nearly three in transport and communications.

As secondary industries increased, as people began to concentrate in the major cities, as the work pattern of Australia changed, 19th-century society, with its substantial middle-class, large families and sense of everlasting security, was already on the way out.

World War I, the first major war in 126 years of our history, gave us a proud name, Anzac, and a sense of national unity and purpose, but at the terrible cost in a small population of 60,000 dead.

We reached our fifth million as the fighting stopped in Europe in 1918, and our sixth million in 1926.

Migration, both State-assisted and free, materially helped this rapid rise.

Back in 1907 Australia's primary and secondary industries were expanding so quickly that there was a real shortage of labor in this country—a shortage which encouraged the Australian States to subsidise migration so effectively that between 1911 and 1913 we gained 230,000 new people.

War interrupted this policy, but in 1922 Britain passed the Empire Settlement Act.

In 1925 Britain and Australia agreed to settle 450,000 British people in Australia within 10 years. Then the depression of the early 1930s hit the world and knocked that ambitious scheme on the head.

Australia lost population in that depression, so that although we had scored our sixth million in only eight years we took 13 years to reach our seventh million in 1939.

World War II, when Australia came under attack for the first time, cost us from all areas where Australians fought 30,000 dead.

But global war and threat of Japanese invasion had a tremendous impact on us. It forced us to pack probably 30 years' industrial and technical development into one decade, and in the wake of the war came the largest and best-organised migration scheme in our history, a flow of new people which, still continuing, will profoundly affect Australia.

Despite the war years, when there was virtually no movement of people, Australia's population rose to 8,000,000 in the decade from 1939 to 1949, jumped to 9,000,000 by 1954—the year before the millionth migrant arrived—and has now jumped again, in another five years, to 10,000,000.

As Australia has added 3,000,000 to her population in the past 20 years, and has doubled her population in the past 41, statisticians guess that she could be a nation of about 16,000,000—the population of present-day Canada—by the time she celebrates her 200th birthday in 1988.

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beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!



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leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

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Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble . . . 1'3

U146C

THAT TEST FEVER . . .



LIKE A MAGNET, Test cricket draws the crowd. In this scene of Sydney Cricket Ground during the third Test few eyes have strayed from the tense struggle.

. . . and how it spreads

● Wickets might get sticky, bats might break, the wrong team might win, but Test cricket never loses a fascination that makes it the nation's greatest talking point outside war.

WEEKS before the current season began in Australia I casually mentioned to colleagues that it would be wonderful to see the Tests.

"You CAN'T be interested in cricket!" came a chorus. "You must be joking — or mad."

Then the season began. Then, too, even the most vehement of the anti-cricket brigade began asking, almost against their better nature and judgment, "What's the score?"

Statistics — and the way everyone from the lift-driver to the housewife next door keeps mentioning cricket — prove that the game has lost none of its great popularity. If anything, it's increased.

Even without this proof, any doubts I might have had would have been removed when I sneaked out of the office long enough to see the opening of the vital third Test in Sydney.

At the members' gate a man stood patiently waiting for his turn through the turnstiles.

As fast as a delivery from English speedster Brian Statham, a ticket shark, complete with scissors, had deftly

snipped the honorary ticket from his lapel.

Apparently the gate officials thought it an unlikely story, and the unfortunate cricket fan had to view the match from the already crowded public stand. And that wasn't really cricket.

Inside the ground everyone's there except the conductor on the 43 tram, and he'll be there just as soon as he can inform the depot of his grandmother's illness.

By
CYNTHIA STRACHAN

You run into a friend who begs you to see he leaves the cricket half an hour before the luncheon adjournment, because that's when the boss is going to the ground, and he shouldn't be there.

Half an hour before the adjournment the cricket is good, and he decides to stay longer.

A boss knows no power like cricket.

It's a sunny day, and you're enjoying relaxing on the best sunbaking pitch this side of Surfers' Paradise.

You couldn't sneak out of

the office complete with picnic lunch, so you buy a pie at the ground, though you really hate pies. But you can't miss big cricket for common pleasures like eating.

The players come on to the field, and even those not very interested in cricket are caught in the electric atmosphere.

Between overs the men — and some women — talk tactics. During overs they watch.

Behind, a woman pauses just long enough in her long dissertation about her son-in-law to say: "Isn't this a wonderful sight? I don't know why we don't make the Russians and Americans play cricket. It'd do them good."

Then the Hill begins to bark, and applaud their favorite players. "Good on you, Pearshape," they call to English batsman Colin Cowdrey as he hits a four.

"Ave a go, Bailey," they call to England's match-saving, stonewalling batsman Trevor Bailey before he's even reached the batting crease. And the curly-haired Englishman with the keen sense of humor knows he has friends.

They idolise swashbuckling Australian batsman Norm O'Neill, and in mock York-

shire dialect they show their appreciation of the way "Fiery" Freddie Trueman tosses every ounce of energy and an unruly head of black hair into his every move.

An English batsman, who should know better, scoops an easy catch.

"I don't know why he's in the team," says an earnest voice in the stillness. "I wouldn't give him a guernsey in the vicar's XI, not even to please the vicar."

And you can have a wonderful day without cricket. Ask any of the girls who go to catch a glimpse of dashing Peter May, England's skipper, or Richie Benaud, the bronzed Australian captain, or England's three handsome bachelors — Peter Richardson, Raman Subba Row, and Ted Dexter.

One smile from them, and the girls have fever—badly.

There are, of course, people who don't suffer even the slightest attack of Test fever.

There's a girl on the switchboard at the Melbourne hotel where both teams stayed during the second Test.

"I hate the Test season," she said fiercely when all the excitement was on. "I'm not interested in cricket, and it's driving me crazy."

"All these girls ringing to speak to the cricketers, and people ringing to wish them luck or ask them out. How do I know when they'll be in? Or when they'll be practising? Or if they're interested in going to a party?"

"I even insulted Richie Benaud this morning by asking him which team he played for. Well, how would I have known?"

For months, years, these weeks of cricket will provide hours of interesting talk.

And ordinary people will wonder how THEY caught the cricket "disease."

Perhaps English cricket writer John Arlott summed up this strange fever when he said Test cricket "shares some qualities with angling, wine-bibbing, chess, bull-fighting, bibliography, and the mystery of gunsmiths."

"I know stern-minded men of business who rise to unexpected heights of emotion when they recall that they might have been there and were not."

And that IS cricket.

END OF ART PRIZE

● It is with regret we announce that The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize, which has been held for the past four years, will not be continued this year.

IN previous years all the art galleries of Australia have given encouragement and co-operation in organising this competition and have staged exhibitions of selected entries, but now the National Gallery of Victoria has sought to impose conditions which are unacceptable to The Australian Women's Weekly, and has refused to allow the 1958 Exhibition to be shown in the National Gallery in Melbourne.

Prizemoney totalling £8500 has been distributed to Australian artists in the past four years, and many paintings have been sold to collectors who viewed the exhibitions.

Under the rules of the competition,

the prizewinning pictures become the property of Australian Consolidated Press.

The company has given away the following prizewinning pictures:

1955: J. Carington Smith's "Arrangement in Green" and Judy Cassab's "Portrait of Judy Barraclough" to the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

1956: Charles Doutney's "Dita" to the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery, Judy Cassab's "Elaine Haxton" to the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

1957: "Eva with Drawing," by Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova, to the Queensland National Art Gallery.

The other 1957 prizewinning portrait, "Helena Rubinstein," by William Dobell, was sent on loan for five years to the National Gallery of South Australia.



LAKER'S BOWLED
BENAUD . . .



WE'RE IN THE GAME
AGAIN . . .



BUT AUSTRALIA'S
BATTING WELL . . .



WE'LL HOPE FOR A DRAW . . . Trevor Howard gets progressively gloomier at the third Test match as England's chances of a win begin to fade. His diagnosis of the position was right; the match ended in a draw — but England's team can still retain The Ashes.

A fast ball never troubles Trevor

By DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

● If you think film actor Trevor Howard is like the small-town Englishman he played in "Brief Encounter," you're wrong. He is anything but "small-town." The world is his playground.

IN fact, not only would Trevor Howard happily say "boo" to a goose, he'd pluck a few tail feathers as a parting gesture.

When I met Mr. H. last week he wasn't worried about geese; it was ducks, especially the M.C.C. variety.

We spent a day together at the Test cricket. And at the lunch and tea adjournments he told me enough of his life story to dispel that screen impression of English reserve.

He's in his early forties, with sandy, red-tinged hair, pale grey eyes, and an air of battered elegance.

At the cricket he was clad in a blue-and-white check shirt ("this hot weather"), blue-grey trousers, black loafers, and lilac-pink socks.

"I'm not like the average person," he said. "I live instinctively, do things on the spur of the moment."

"There was a London rumor that my trip here was sponsored by the Australian Government to undermine the England team. Probably thought I might lead them astray."

He is in Australia to publicize "The Key," in which he stars with William Holden and Sophia Loren.)

I asked what he likes best about being famous.

"Well, it afforded me the opportunity to come here. And then one gets far more attention, and it adds to the comfort of life."

"Disadvantages? You can't do anything private — there's only got to be one person who knows you."

Mr. Howard was launched into the public eye when he was six, and travelling on a ship with his parents.

"I went down to see the engine-room, and my sailor suit got filthy, so I took it off and threw it overboard."

"A passenger noticed the

little suit floating away. A cry of 'boy overboard' went up."

"The ship turned round, they picked up the empty suit, then found little Trevor, naked."

Some time later Master Howard drove the lift at a Colombo hotel halfway through the roof.

Before he left school he was offered a job as floorwalker in Harrods, the London department store. He went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art instead.

"Wild rebel"

His screen career began after the war. Since then he has appeared in 29 films and been all over the world on location.

In Tunisia, while making "The Golden Salamander," he was bitten by a snake.

"It died of alcoholic poisoning," he told me.

(Mr. Howard's wife, actress Helen Cherry, told an English newspaperman recently, "The very thing that makes Trev is this wild, rebellious spirit which I love.")

Illustrating the truth of this were Mr. H.'s reminiscences about "a party we began in London, continued out to the airport, and finished off in Paris."

There was the time during the war—Mr. Howard was a paratrooper and won the Military Cross—when he rode, minus clothes, round the camp because he wanted to be transferred. He was.

He's danced in a Manhattan nightclub wearing a pair of high-heeled, diamante-studded shoes belonging to TV star Audrey Meadows.

"It doesn't seem gallant to say I wore Audrey's shoes; makes her feet sound enormous."

"Actually I have very small feet," he said, poking out one.

"I'm hopeless . . . helpless," he added happily.

One of the Howards' friends has been quoted saying: "Trev loves 64 types of women."

He commented, "I've never counted them, darling."

But he loves Australian girls and Scandinavian girls. The Latin-American types leave him cold.

It seemed a favorable moment to inquire about the time he was photographed leaving London Airport with a party of friends. The picture was different because he was wearing a fur coat.

"We were all going to Paris, the whole lot of us," he explained, looking dolefully at the scoreboard.

"One of the women had two mink coats, and asked me to carry one. I was laden with packages, so it seemed logical to wear the coat."

One of his first plays was "Revolt in a Reformatory."

"Apt title," he said. "I've

been in eight prisons in my time."

At this fascinating stage the umpires walked out on the ground again. "We'll carry on in the tea interval," said Mr. Howard firmly, and concentrated on the cricket.

He got progressively gloomier as Davidson and Mackay batted on for Australia.

Mr. Howard was driven to remark, "We'll just have to hope for a draw."

The man knows what he's talking about with cricket. He used to play with the Kent county team, and still plays with the M.C.C.

The tea break came while Davidson and Mackay were still in and batting like a pair of unconcerned automatons.

We wandered downstairs to afternoon tea.

"Prisons?" he said, munching a hot sausage roll.

"One time in Paris, years ago, I'd gone over for a char-

ity ball. Someone was supposed to meet me at the airport with francs, but didn't."

"So I found my way to the hotel, borrowed some money, and went to the Monseigneur club in Montmartre."

"That evening ended with me shouting champagne for the orchestra—there were 32 violins. When the place folded up at four or five a.m. I still hadn't any money."

So he was carted off to clink, and had to stay there overnight till everything was settled.

"About ten years later I went to the Monseigneur again. The band struck up when I arrived. I was presented with a medal and the freedom of Montmartre."

There were more shenanigans in Vienna when Mr. Howard was there filming "The Third Man."

"Carol Reed, the director, told me he wouldn't need me for a couple of hours."

"I looked out the window and saw this place called the Splendide. I said, 'I'll be over there.'"

"I was wearing British battledress at the time — still in costume."

Gaoled again

"After I'd been at the Splendide for a while, four international police walked in. I was conducting the orchestra by then."

"I said, 'Have a drink,' but one of them said they had to arrest me."

"Someone had complained a man was masquerading in a bogus uniform."

So Trev was juggled again. "But my colonel from Army days was in charge, and we had a very pleasant chat before I went home."

"The gentleman who had me arrested was demoted," he added with relish.

Just then, a grey-haired woman walked up to our table

and said, "Mr. Howard? Thank you for 'Brief Encounter.' It is one of my favorite films."

Mr. Howard got up and bowed.

We went on to "the time in Dublin. I had to go over for a show."

"Well, I met some friends and we finished up having breakfast in a brewery."

"Then I discovered I was supposed to be rehearsing."

"When the time came for my entrance, the orchestra struck up an Irish tune. I was carried away, and danced an Irish jig on to the stage—the audience loved it."

Mr. H. rose (he is no shrinking violet) and demonstrated his Irish jig round the Sydney Cricket Ground tea-room.

After the show the police arrived in his hotel room with a search warrant. They found some jewellery under the mattress, "planted" by friends.

"But I escaped and went out to the airport," he said.

Everyone, including the police, was having a convivial time before Mr. Howard's plane left, when one of the cops said (Mr. H. adopted a convincing Irish brogue), "What's that in your luggage?"

"That" was the bathroom stool from his hotel—more attention from his thoughtful friends. Mr. Howard had to miss his plane while he explained.

It was time to get back to the cricket.

Australia batted on; and the day's play ended with England's score at none for one.

People were gathering up their coats to go; so did we, with Mr. Howard morose about England's prospects.

But then, he'd gone to the Cricket Ground to see cricket. I'd gone to see him, and there can't be many people who are more entertaining company.



ENGLISH ACTOR Trevor Howard explains one of the finer points of Test cricket to staff reporter Dawn James. They spent a day at Sydney Cricket Ground.



MEDICINE IN ANCIENT EGYPT—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings, "A History of Medicine in Pictures," commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Clothed in spotless linens and wearing a wig, as became the dignity of his status, an Egyptian physician of 1500 B.C. administers to a patient with symptoms of lockjaw. Though Egyptian doctors dominated medicine in the ancient world for thousands of years, this highly-respected practitioner could rely only on personal skill, judgment, and experience to combat such dreaded killers as tetanus.

Today, 3500 years later, due to advances in pharmaceutical research,

tetanus is no longer a source of fear. The modern physician employs safe, effective immunizing agents to protect you and your family from tetanus, polio, and many other infections that were killers of defenseless persons in former times.

Parke-Davis scientists are proud of their place in the living history of modern medicine, helping to provide the people of the world with the better health and longer life that come with better medicines.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY, LTD., SYDNEY

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The Secrets of Good Posture

CHRISTIAN DIOR once said that models were born, not made. Certainly, to be a good model you have to be crazy about clothes — but the most important thing is to be feminine, to believe in what you do, believe in your work, and have feeling for it.

No matter how you walk and stand and sit, you can be better. Even if you are not a model, pretend you are. All they ask of us at Dior is that we should be natural — and I think that is good for everyday life, too.

By famous Dior model
FRANCE CHEYS—as told to
DAWN JAMES

FRANCE (right) wears a Dior ensemble of black silk. The jacket, cropped at the waist, covers a chiffon overblouse, the swirl-draped collar of which is worn over the jacket.



DO



DON'T



STAND with the back straight, the stomach in, and the diaphragm controlled, not with the head pushed forward like a pigeon, and the feet far apart, which makes the hips fall into an ugly position. Always I keep my feet very close.

DO



DON'T



WALK as if you are wearing a tiara. Let your hands fall naturally, and keep one foot placed well in front of the other. Don't study the ground, with the shoulders forward and the toes pointed in (a mistake I once made when I began modelling).

DO



DON'T



MAKE your figure look better by sitting up straight, but relaxed. If you are concerned with your looks you will sit quietly, and then your dress also will look at its best.

A SLOUCH is ugly. When you are in slacks I can understand it better — but in a dress? No. The look is unattractive and not flattering to anyone.

WHAT, NO WOLVES, SABBRINA?

By FRED A IRVING

● Far away in foggy London a woman who has never been to Australia dreamed up a wishful sunny day in the bush Down Under and made it into a song especially for lush blonde Sabbrina.



THE imaginative Englishwoman is Irene Devereaux, wife of Australian actor Eddy Devereaux, who produces acts for TV shows and is responsible for Sabbrina's repertoire of songs on her Australian Tivoli Theatre tour.

"Cuddle a Koala" is the name of the wishful bush song, which has the curvaceous visitor declaiming:

*I wanna cuddle a koala at Taronga Zoo,
Pat a platypus and kiss a kangaroo.
I wanna throw a boomerang from here to
Woolloomooloo,
That's what I wanna do.*

*I wanna wander through the bush and make
some billy tea,
Listen to a kookaburra laughing at me.
Chewing on a leaf from a eucalyptus tree;
That's where I wanna be.*

*I wanna ride the surf, feel the spray,
Meet my clobber, say "Good-day, how're you
goin', Blue?"
I'm a dinkum Digger, too true!*

*I wanna see the Snowy River dam,
Eat steak and eggs instead of ham.
And I wanna go through like a Bondi tram,
I'm a dinkum Digger, I am.*

*But first I'll cuddle that koala, kiss that kangaroo,
And I'd like to see a drongo. Do they have
one at the zoo?*

*But before I give it a whirl, there's something I must do.
I wanna make it clear, this Sheila's glad she's
here.*

I may be Down Under, but I'm on top of the world.

The Australian Women's Weekly decided to play Fairy Godmother and make Sab-

brina's song wishes come true. Or, at least, most of them.

So on one of Melbourne's bright, shiny days we took Sabbrina and her ever-present Mum, Mrs. Walter Sykes, to the Sir Colin McKenzie Sanctuary at Healesville, and back through the Dandenongs to Belgrave.

During the trip one wish after another came to life for Sabby, as she's rather inelegantly called most times, and by most people.

The trip started when Sabbrina drifted out of her South Yarra flat in a gay ink-blue-and-white satin cotton off-the-shoulder frock branched out all round over six stiffened petticoats, high splinter-beeled white sandals, AND her three-quarter-inch-long black eyelashes.

She also had with her a hatbox filled with a clothes change, and an oblong make-up box filled mostly with a large mirror.

Languidly she murmured she'd like photographer Laurie Kimber to drive her leopard-skin-lined mauve car with the gold "S" monogram on the two front doors and the purple-and-white Sabbrina pennant flying from the side aerial.

Off we set, an hour and a quarter late.

From Laurie's first gear change it was one long triumphal tour, with the eye-smacking car and pennant quickly recognised and greeted with waves and wolf-whistles all along the way.

At first stop, Croydon, there was a near riot as schoolchildren, shopkeepers, and others swarmed round the car while the bush picnic lunch was collected.

We thought we were marooned for the day, but eventually Laurie inched the car out of the autograph-demanding crowd to the tune of Sabby wistfully asking for an "ink pen" to sign photographs.

Nobody in the "mauve wonder" had one.

"Use a ballpoint pen or a pencil, Sabby, dear," practical Mum said crisply.

"I can't. It doesn't show up," said Sabby plaintively. But plenty of fans were quite content with pencil autographs.

Very soon we discovered Sabby has a ravenous appetite, and eats like a horse. A delicately boned racehorse, of course.

By 12.30 p.m. she was hungry. By 1 p.m. she was starving. By 1.30 p.m. she was obviously hungry enough to eat a horse, and look for a second helping.

Luckily, we'd purred into the Sanctuary by that time and the helpful Director, W. R. Gasking, his wife, and spruced-up-to-the-nines son Richard greeted us with the glad news that they had a fire going.

So it was rapidly on with the chops, the sausages, the steak, the eggs, and the billy, and into the glowing coals with the potatoes.

Meanwhile Sabby was keeping her hunger at bay with biscuits, butter, cheese, lettuce, and tomatoes.

And then, believe it or not, that 18in.-waisted girl disposed of — in rapid succession — two chops, two sausages, a large T-bone steak, and two eggs.

This she washed down with orange drink and, of course, billy tea, and topped it all off with a banana and a mandarin.

There was little conversation from Sabby during the bush lunch.

She paused only for photographs, preceded by a checking of every line of every single blond hair in the fringe frothing round her fair face and big blue eyes in her companion mirror, held ever at the ready by Mum.

After her lunch snack Sabby made us a nice brew of billy tea, of which she approved. So did Mum.

After bringing true Sabby's wishes to "wander through the bush and make some billy tea" and to "eat steak and eggs instead of ham," off we set for her to cuddle a koala—

*"I wanna . . .
Eat steak and eggs instead of ham."*



"I wanna cuddle a koala . . ."

admittedly not at Taronga Zoo, but still a delicious, real-life baby koala.

The koala was willing, but at first, when she saw the long claws even a baby koala has to give him grip on mum or gum, Sabby wasn't so sure she wanted this particular song wish to come true.

But Sabby's Mum came to the rescue again, practical as ever. "Put on your knitted wrap, Sabby, dear, and he'll just catch in that," she said, and produced the wrap.

And so Sabby cuddled her koala.

Patting a platypus and kissing a kangaroo were much more in Sabby's line of country.

Peter the Platypus, thoughtfully dried out beforehand by Mr. Gasking, received the happiest of pats from Sabby as he squirmed and wriggled in Richard Gasking's excited hands. Then the wishing star displayed an amazing wealth of patience in persuading the chosen kangaroo to kiss her.

It was a male of the species, too.

Eventually she persuaded this reluctant cavalier—surely the only reluctant male in Australia when offered a kiss by Sabrina—to give her the kangaroo-kiss wish. But it took a salted peanut between her luscious lips to lure him.

When it came to "listening to a kookaburra laughing at me" there was a slight wish-hitch, for, to Sabby's horror, the kookaburra held for her by Mr. Gasking was in process of eating a mouse.

"I can't, I can't. He's eating a mouse," squealed the back-stepping Sabby.

Mum came to the fore again. "It's all right, Sabby, dear, it's a DEAD mouse," she said comfortingly.

So Sabby crept tentatively back—but no closer than she could help—and listened to the kooka's crackling laughter.

Then it was time to "go through like a Bondi tram" to Belgrave and "throw a boomerang from here to Woolloomooloo." Well, at least across the main highway.

But not before Sabby had changed into slacks and heavy sports jumper.

And not before she'd eaten a banana on the 23-mile journey and quietly demanded an ice-cream to her theme tune of "I'm hungry."

Aboriginal Bill Onus was her boomerang-throwing instructor. Sabby was as excited as a two-year-old at her first party as she watched him whirl the boomerang off, round, and back to him.

She was also quite pettish when she found it wasn't as easy as it looked.

"But why won't my boomerang do that, too?" she murmured disconsolately.

"Never mind, you've thrown it, Sabby, dear," said ever-on-the-spot Mum.

The blond star was tired, but more than ever convinced of the final words she sings: "I may be Down Under, but I'm on top of the world."

RIGHT. Sabrina's "Mum," Mrs. Walter Sykes, pours tea for her big, beautiful daughter after lunch.



"... pat a platypus"



"... and kiss a kangaroo"



lovelier, more natural-looking
curls with $\frac{1}{2}$
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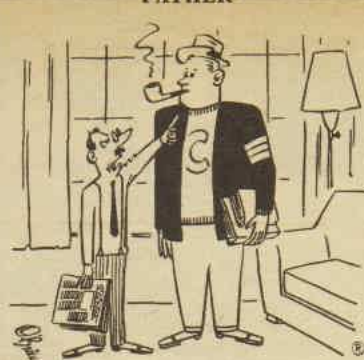


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FATHER



"I'm warning you. It'll stunt your growth!"

MOTHER



"But, Mum . . . how do you KNOW that money doesn't bring happiness?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

BEFORE attending a reception last week for wrestlers Jim Londos and Primo Carnera, I looked up some background information.

Mr. Londos, who retired as undefeated heavyweight world champion some years ago, is reported to be 61; Mr. Carnera, 53.

Mr. Carnera looked me straight in the eye (vertically—he is 6ft. 6in. tall) and said he was born in 1909.

Mr. Londos, who is a foot shorter than Carnera, about 100lb. lighter, and has the most earnest brown eyes in the world, said simply that he was "past 50."

Why, I asked him, were wrestlers reluctant to tell their ages?

"An athlete," he told me in an accent still heavy with the intonation of his native Greece, "reaches a peak at a certain age. After that he does not talk about it."

And when is a wrestler's prime?

According to Mr. Londos, it may be at 30 (when most boxers are finished).

Then, if he takes care, he can last another 15 years, or more, if he is careful.

But—"He must behave, he must watch his diet, he can't get drunk."

"My father was an amateur wrestling champion of Greece. When he was 75 I defeated him in a wrestle in the backyard."

"I do not want you to think I am conceited," he added, "but I feel well. A man knows when he is old. His legs tell him they cannot carry him any more. My legs do not tell me this yet. I often climb a mountain near my home and my legs say, 'We are still with you!'"

Londos, known as the Golden Greek, and, according to the sporting authorities at the reception, one of the greatest wrestlers of the century, lives in California with his wife and three daughters.

If any gentlemen in the audience wish to know how to look 50 when they are well past it, Jim Londos doesn't drink or smoke, and lives largely on vegetables, fruit, milk, and cereals. He does not eat much meat.

LATER I had a brief talk with Mr. Carnera, who is of a more frivolous turn of mind.

Frivolity on such a mammoth scale is quite intimidating.

However, he, too, not unnaturally claims that a wrestler can last until 50 or over.

Finally I sat down for a chat with a real old-timer, Mr. Ted Thye, an American who was a light-heavyweight champion in the 'twenties.

Having finally retired from wrestling, he takes an impersonal view.

He lowered the limit age to 45, but added: "There are some fellows so far above average that they can give years to the rank and file."

But Mr. Thye wouldn't tell me his own age. On the way home I reflected that wrestlers are gentlemen. None had retaliated by asking me my birth date.

A sporting journalist was less delicate. He asked me how long I had been on newspapers. Absentmindedly, I told him.

And I suppose he can do simple arithmetic.

DISCUSSING Alexandre, the most fashionable hairdresser in Paris, actress Lauren Bacall said: "When you leave his place you feel that you look your best. That's really his secret—making you feel dreamy."

There Miss Bacall put her finger on the quality that is needed by anyone who wants to make a living from adorning women.

It's a well-known saying in the advertising trade that you don't merely sell cosmetics, you sell hope.

Similarly, a dressmaker or a hairdresser or a milliner who makes the customer feel good is on the road to success.

Eventually she can move into the high-price bracket.

She needs talent, too, but, other things being equal, if she can sell optimism and confidence along with a dress or a hairstyle she is away ahead of a competitor whose face betrays the thought: "Well, that's the best I can do with you."

Ziegfeld, of *Follies* fame, expressed another aspect of the same thing in his famous answer to the question: "Why did you pick that girl? She's no more beautiful than the others."

"That is so," replied Ziegfeld, "but she feels beautiful."

THE Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and the Royal children called unexpectedly last week at the home of Mrs. Lottie Coates on Sandringham estate. "The Royal visitors put Mrs. Coates at her ease at once," says a cabled report. "They all talked about the weather."

More gripping topics certainly abound, Religion, politics, and who loves who, And clothes, and crime, but all of them, it's found,

On some occasions simply will not do. "There's not much rain about," says one. "Could do with some," runs the correct reply.

Or else, "How nice it is to see the sun." "Yes, never thought I'd get the washing dry."

More thoughtful types remark, "It's not the heat,

It's the humidity that gets me down."

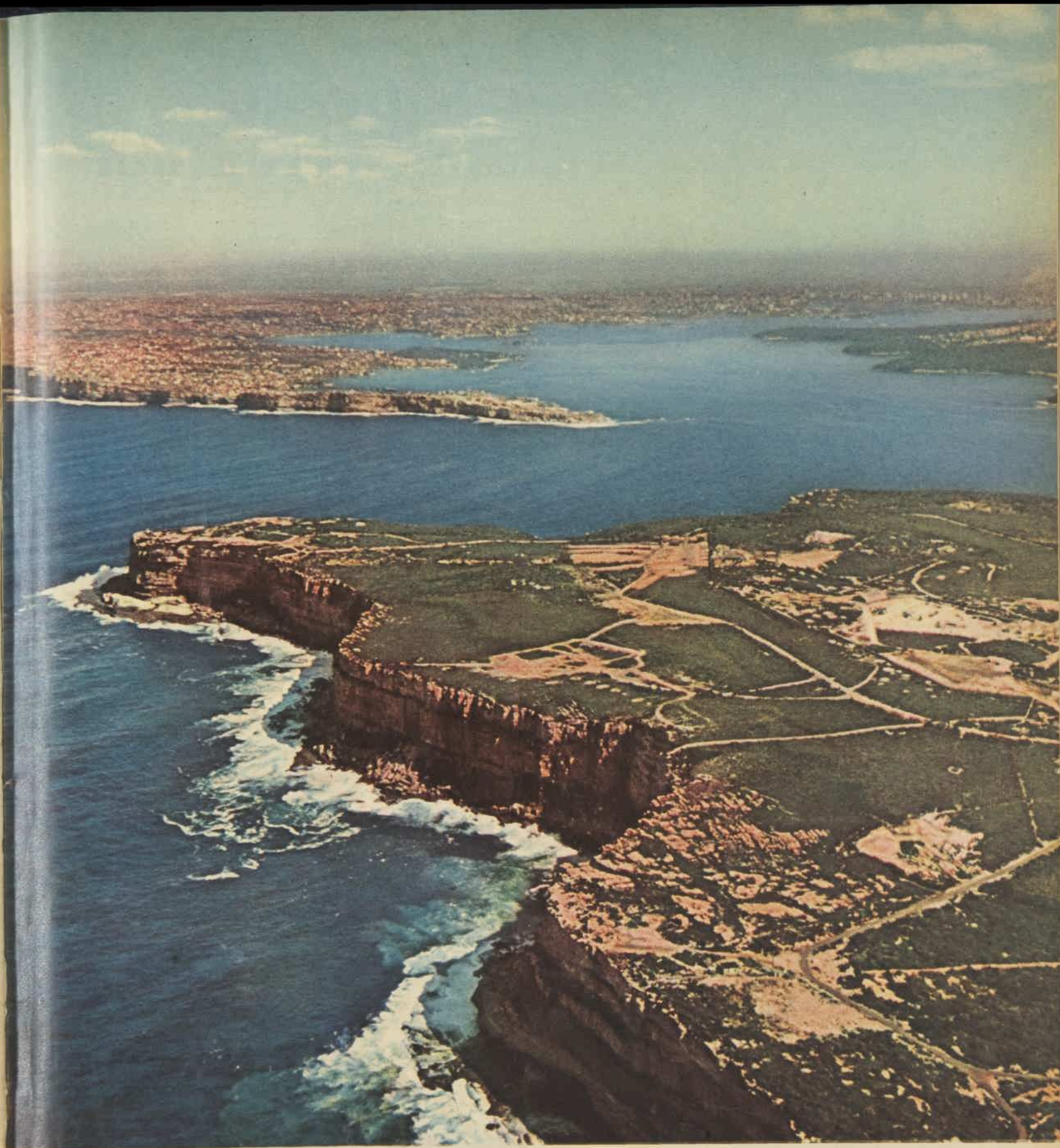
In rainy weather, little jokes (webbed feet)

Are clean, acceptable, won't raise a frown.

Let us be thankful for the weather, then, Easing all knotted tongues from shy restraint,

For, come the day when it's controlled by men,

There'll be a valid reason for complaint.



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

SYDNEY HEADS, Pacific gateway of sprawling, picturesque Port Jackson, one of the world's busiest and most beautiful harbors. Through these heads, on January 25, 1788, Captain Arthur Phillip sailed his ship, *Supply*, to found the penal colony of New South Wales. A week earlier, on January 18, the First Fleet had anchored in Botany Bay, and Captain Phillip had rejected its marshy shores as unsuitable for settlement. The Fleet remained in the Bay while Captain Phillip made a small-boat expedition to Port Jackson. Approving, he rejoined the Fleet and re-entered the Harbor in *Supply*. On January 26 Captain Phillip went ashore in Sydney Cove and unfurled the British flag. The event is commemorated now with Australia Day — a national public holiday. This picture by Douglass Baglin shows North Head foreground, facing South Head, Watson's Bay, and Vaucluse.

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"Staggered" guests at ballerina's wedding reception

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● After ballerina Svetlana Beriosova marries Pakistani psychologist Massud Khan on January 23, guests at the reception will drink their health in relays, 100 at a time. As the first hundred leave, the next will arrive. The "staggered" times are stated on the invitations.

THE couple will be married in a registry office, for 34-year-old Massud Khan is a Muslim, and Svetlana belongs to the Russian Orthodox Church.

"But we are not allowing religion to stand in the way of our happiness," they said.

"Many of my colleagues have married women of the Western world and been happy," said Massud.

Said Svetlana, who, though Europe-educated and now of British nationality, was born in Lithuania of Russian parents: "We are both basically Eastern."

"We have agreed to respect each other's individuality and bias."

Svetlana is one of the leading ballerinas of the Royal Covent Garden Ballet, and danced with the company during its Sydney season.

She is immensely popular with the other dancers, even with her strongest rivals, for, combined with a cool, almost regal grace, she has an endearing warmth.

Free to dance

After their marriage both she and her psychologist husband will continue their careers.

"That is what we both want," said Massud Khan.

"We will move to a house of our own, probably in Harley Street, where Sud now has his consulting rooms," said Svetlana.

"He is kept very busy, and that will leave me quite free for my dancing."

Svetlana's father, Russian premier danseur Nicholas Beriosoff, is coming for the wedding from Stuttgart, where he is Director of the Ballet School.

He was formerly ballet-master of the Marquis de Cuevas' company.

"My father is very fond of Sud and has given us his blessing," said Svetlana.

Her aunt, Irina Beriosova, will be one of the witnesses at the wedding, with Massud's sister-in-law, Tahir Khan, and her small daughter Azra as bridesmaid.

Massud Khan has only one brother in England, but in the Punjab, famous for its soldiers, he has six brothers, most of them generals and none below the rank of brigadier.

"I keep in close touch with

my family, and have recently visited Pakistan," said Massud.

One day he will take Svetlana to the Punjab, where he was born of an old feudal family and where he was educated, taking his M.A. at the University of Punjab.

Massud's dream

In London he studied for four years at the Institute of Psychoanalysis before putting his brass plate up in Harley Street.

While still a student he first saw Svetlana dance.

"She was then only 16 years old," he told me. "I longed to know her."

Through a wide circle of friends sharing his taste in literature, painting, and ballet he met her.

"My dream became a reality," he said.

Massud did not shower his sweetheart with riches of the East during their courtship, but with beautiful books and art treasures, so that between them he and Svetlana have one of the loveliest collections in London.

Svetlana wears no engagement ring, though most of the precious colored stones are mined in the East; but her walls are hung with modern paintings—gifts from Sud.

Both take each other's career very seriously.

"To run a practice like Sud's requires 100 per cent. concentration," said Svetlana.

"And," said Massud, "running a home must not interfere with Svetlana's career."

They both would like a family, however.

For her wedding Svetlana will wear a short white satin dress and a white satin coat with a satin bow in her hair.

Svetlana, who has danced all over the world, is the last of the leading ballerinas with the Royal Ballet to marry.

"And the whole of the Royal Ballet is coming to my wedding," she said.



BALLERINA Svetlana Beriosova and Massud Khan, a Pakistani psychologist, who will marry this month. They were photographed in Beriosova's Knightsbridge flat, where 300 guests will attend the wedding reception.



DRAMATIC POSE by Svetlana Beriosova in "The Prince of the Pagodas," a ballet specially created for her by John Cranko, which marked a big milestone in her career. Beriosova picks up languages easily—speaks Russian, Italian, French, and English fluently.

Elsa
Maxwell:

My case against Liz Taylor

Miss Maxwell, who has
known Liz since her childhood,
writes about *The Triangle of the Year*.

● There are times when facts, put down coldly, one after another, tell an eloquent story. In listing the facts about Liz Taylor I rest my case against a young woman whom I have known since she was a lovely little girl and whose first honeymoon I celebrated with a gala luncheon in Paris.

ELIZABETH, if she had wished, could have ended the triangle which caused the Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher break-up.

She is quoted as saying, "They weren't getting along, anyway." This may be. The truth here is something no third person, including Elizabeth, ever could know.

At least Debbie and Eddie cared enough about their marriage—before Liz came along—to take their personal differences to a marriage counselor.

And, as Debbie has said, "It seems unbelievable that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn't love you."

Besides, there are two Fisher children involved, Carrie Frances, two, and Emanuel Todd, not yet one year old—to say nothing of Liz's own.

Liz, I understand, has never been fond of Debbie, even in the old days when they were child stars at Metro.

I can believe this. Liz has no sympathy for those who, in her opinion, are "cornball."

Also, she must have gathered that Eddie is more impressed by glamor than by simple housewifely virtue.

Debbie can be blissfully happy in pigtailed and jeans.

When Eddie went away from home on trips, she wouldn't leave the children. (Liz, on the other hand, never has had any compunction about leaving her children.)

I remember the laughter Debbie caused in "sophisticated" Hollywood when she insisted upon having her baby at St. Joseph's Hospital out in the Valley. Eddie wanted her to go to St. John's "where everybody who is anybody" goes.

Mike's understudy

Moreover, the further Eddie Fisher can get away from his poverty-stricken youth the better he seems to like it.

Liz knew that, and also that he was devoted to Mike Todd and in many ways patterned himself after Mike.

It could be that the frankly romantic things Mike used to say about Elizabeth made a deep impression upon Eddie; even stimulated his interest.

I keep wondering what

Eddie's feelings were when he was Liz's escort at those New York nightclubs not long ago.

He must have found the long glances of Mike's rich, beautiful widow satisfying evidence that the past was past and he was at last not just Mike's understudy but a glamor boy in his own right.

Rumors persist—in spite of their denials—that Eddie's quick divorce will be arranged in Mexico, Cuba, or the Bahamas.

If there were any hope for their marriage, it would make things a little better. I have none.

I believe the next time Liz wants something different she will pursue it—or him—as relentlessly as she always pursued whatever she wanted.

Consider the all-out way in which she has attained her various goals.

Determined

At 13 she came into world fame in "National Velvet." Her beauty recommended her for the part; the fierce determination she had, even then, clinched it for her.

She was told, firmly, that she was too small to play the heroine and not an experienced enough horsewoman.

Immediately she went into vigorous training, riding and jumping horses. Every day she ate extra rations of prescribed food. Every night she slept extra hours.

And within three months, having miraculously grown three inches, she had the coveted role.

At 14, in spite of a heavy studio schedule, she wrote and illustrated "Nibbles and Me," the story of her pet chipmunk.

Her ardor for Nibbles and horses was so intense at this time that a friend once asked Mrs. Taylor, "What are you going to do when Elizabeth falls out of love with horses and chipmunks and discovers men?"

It was a good question, and Mrs. Taylor evidently didn't know the answer. She and Elizabeth have long been estranged.

I might have more hope for a Taylor-Fisher marriage if I didn't have such a vivid picture of the past, if I didn't remember Liz when she was in love with Glenn Davis, the Army football hero.

I can still see her wearing his gold football on a slim

chain around her neck; stars in her eyes.

Glenn was ordered to Korea, and the next time I saw Liz the stars in her eyes were for William Pawley, jun., whose huge engagement ring she twirled and twisted and twirled.

His romantic tenure also was brief, about three months.

When Elizabeth married Nicky Hilton, jun., on May 6, 1950, I gave a luncheon for them at Maxim's in Paris.

She asked me to invite "sophisticated Europeans." I did. And even they soon were to be shocked by the briefness of this marriage, at the quarrels—not solely Eliza-



LIZ TAYLOR . . . her long, loving glances in New York nightclubs showed Eddie Fisher that he was no longer Mike Todd's understudy

THE FISHERS . . . before Liz came between them. Eddie is nursing Todd, 11 months, while Debbie holds Carrie, 2.

jewels and still, somehow, look a lady, but also one of Hollywood's richest stars.

Elizabeth, today, after "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," is in great demand. For "Suddenly Last Summer," another Tennessee Williams drama, she has been offered £225,000 and 10 per cent. of the picture's gross. This is everything, certainly, Eddie's show-business heart could desire.

Not pretty

Right now, I suppose, the price he is paying for this . . . the break-up of his marriage and the unhappiness it is likely to cause his children . . . seems worth while.

I doubt it will be. For I doubt that either he or Liz has the constancy or forbearance that is needed to hold a marriage together and allow it to mature with the years.

So Liz makes her way—a destructive way, I think.

The facts seem to me to prove that she has been aggressive in her romances, ruthless in her disregard for the feelings of those who have stood in her path, and indifferent towards the wreckage she has left behind her.

Viewed from any angle, it is hardly a pretty picture.

She was 19 when—admittedly—she proposed to Michael Wilding, 20 years her senior.

This turned out to be her long-term marriage. It lasted, legally at least, for almost five years and produced two sons, Christopher and Michael.

Nevertheless, she saw nothing wrong, evidently, with starting a romance with another Mike before her marriage to the first was over.

Early in 1957, Michael Wilding joined Liz and Michael Todd in Mexico to facilitate a quick divorce.

On February 2, 1957, Liz and Mike No. 2 were married. On August 7, 1957, Elizabeth Francis, called Liza, was born.

The following February Debbie and Eddie, who had been Liz and Mike's wedding attendants, had a son. They named him Emanuel Todd after Mike.

A month later, Mike Todd met his death when his plane, "Lucky Liz," crashed in the mountains in a storm.

Elizabeth was reported inconsolable. But, in the midst of what the public considered her mourning, her romantic didoes with Eddie made the headlines.

If Eddie marries Liz, not only will he be getting a glamor-glittering wife, of a good English family, who manages to wear the lowest-cut dresses and the most elaborate

thank goodness for *Cottee's* Instant pudding

Hungry families rushing home from school or work... so much to do... so little time to do it! Thank goodness for Cottee's Instant Pudding—the delicious "busy day" dessert that's made in a twink... and everybody loves!

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*no cooking!
just add milk!*

* for goodness sake, buy Cottee's instant pudding... the delicious "busy-day" dessert



CRUISING DOWN THE HARBOR on board the Showboat Kalang are Dr. Sam Stening, Mrs. Denzil Macarthur-Onslow (centre), and Mrs. Neville Manning. They were among the two hundred guests at a party given at sunset on the Showboat to celebrate the arrival of the new French oil tanker *Astrolabe*.



THEATRE STARS John McCallum and his wife, Googie Withers, are now living in Toorak, Melbourne, with their two children, Joanna and Nicholas. They will star in "Roar Like a Dove," which opens in Melbourne on March 7.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Priestley leave St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, after their wedding. Mrs. Priestley was formerly Carolyn Robinson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson, of "Wongaranga," Tamworth. After a honeymoon on the South Coast they will live at Wollstonecraft. Bill is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Priestley, of Centennial Park.

PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Geoffrey Kench (at right) leaves St. John's Church, Gordon, with her husband. The bride was formerly Robin Hobart, the elder daughter of the John Hobarts, of Gordon, and Geoff is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kench. Robin arrived home twelve months ago after studying geography at the University of Kansas on a Fulbright Travel grant.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

CAN'T help envying Julia McFarlane and Penny Horn—they're sailing at the end of the month for Italy and six months' holiday in Florence, followed by ten months' holiday in England and travelling round the Continent.

They'll live in a pensione in Florence—Julia will study art and Penny the history of art.

When they arrive in London they plan to share a flat and look up Australian friends there—and then later have a ski-ing holiday in Austria.

SUNTANNED Karla McMillan is wearing an unusual aquamarine engagement ring—the gift of her fiancé, Bogdan Bogdanovic, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bogdanovic, of Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Karla is the second daughter of Mrs. P. McMillan, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. W. McMillan, of New Zealand.

IF the weather holds good I'll be driving down to Palm Beach next Saturday for a swim. Then in the evening there's a young people's party at the Pacific Club—and what could be better than dancing under the stars followed by a supper of barbecued steaks served on the lawn.

BLUE-AND-WHITE color scheme is the choice of pretty bride-to-be Jacqueline Torrens, who marries Robert Buffoni at the Mater Dei Church, Blakehurst, on Saturday. Jacqueline is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Torrens.

DR. and Mrs. Roy Park are real cricket fans—and I do mean fans. After watching the second Test in Melbourne they drove over to Sydney with two of their children, Richard and Belinda, for the third Test, staying with the Commander of H.M.A.S. *Rushcutter*, Commander "Nobby" Clarke, and his family. In a couple of weeks they'll go home again in time for the final Test in Melbourne.

HEARD last week that well-known swimmer Diane Dewar, of Bondi, will marry American Edwin Gaston at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on Sunday, January 25. Edwin comes from North Carolina and is here on tour with the Australian Jazz Quintet—next year he will return home to the States with his bride.

AT RIGHT: Germaine Rocher shows one of her Empire-line evening dresses to Mrs. B. P. Anderson Stuart (centre) and Mrs. Harold McNall. This dress will be among one hundred in Rocher's autumn and winter collection to be shown at the A.C.I. Ballroom on February 3. The proceeds will aid the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association.



MAPPING EXHIBITION. Commander R. J. Hardstaff, R.A.N., shows Erna van der Floeg and Jennifer Donaghey (right) one of the charts he helped prepare for the current exhibition of mapping at David Jones' Art Gallery.



A MIND OF MY OWN

A dramatic short story

By ROD McMANIGAL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE two men loaded the kegs of crabs on to the van and waved the driver off. They stood in the road and watched the van run along the shore, then turn at the edge of the village and mount the road up the hill and into the cut of the valley, out of sight. They heard its engine on the hill, and then that, too, was gone.

"You go on home to tea," Mitchell Hayles said. "I'll fill the tank."

"I've always done it. I'll do it today," his father said.

Mitchell watched him go back down the beach past the storage drum to the boat. When Tucker Hayles got to the boat Mitchell turned reluctantly. He moved off down the road, his step heavy in his gumboots, and walked along the length of the shore to the row of cottages and home.

When Tucker came in, Mitchell and his wife were sitting at tea.

"That was you last night, wasn't it?" Tucker said.

"What was me?" Mitchell asked.

"This morning you said it must have been some kids that took the cover off the compass. Kids fooling around, you said. What kind of kids is it that takes four gallons of petrol out of the storage drum?"

"Come and drink your tea, Father," Mitchell's wife said.

Tucker sat down at the table. He took his cup, but sat looking at his son. "It was you."

"What if it was?" Mitchell said. His face was low; he was blowing softly on his cup.

Marion spoke between the two men. She said: "If Mitchell was away last night, it's his own affair." She was defending her husband, but her voice was troubled.

"You keep out of this," Mitchell said to his wife.

Tucker turned back to his son. "I want to know what you were doing in the boat after dark to use the compass and burn up four gallons of petrol," he said.

"I'm keeping it to myself," his son said, "so you may as well stop asking."

The older man did not raise his voice. "While I'm head of this house you're not keeping anything to yourself."

"I'm a grown man and married," his son said. "I've a right to go my own way. I'll make up my mind. You say we're partners, and yet you do as you please, and I've got no say. Well, maybe there are some things where I've got a say and you haven't."

The older man was silent. Marion spoke again. "Come together, now, your tea will be cold."

For the days that followed the two men worked well enough together, and things were between them much as they had been before. They put out in the open boat in the early morning, and all day they worked together, off the open sandy shelf in the early light, working across to the western shoulder of the bay under the cliffs in the dusk.

They looked alike, with broad frames and square, deliberate features. The father's hair was grey; except for this and for the yellow oilskin apron which he wore, they might have been brothers with clothes out of the same drawer, their sweaters, cords, gumboots paired, and their twin caps, peaked and dirty, pulled squarely over their brows.

The son, Mitchell, worked from the bow of the boat, his father at the tiller in the stern. Tucker manoeuvred the boat in alongside a marker-buoy, letting the engine idle. Mitchell leaned out over the water, and, with a gloved hand, snagged the buoy-bottle and the line. He hauled in the line, bringing in the heavy baskets, one by one, from the water.

He heaved each basket aboard, setting each in turn on the gunwale, and swiftly, with the water still sluicing away, opened the basketwork hatch, extracting the crabs. The young ones he tossed back to the sea, and those of legal size and over he dropped into the open kegs waiting in the bow.

Then he passed each basket in turn down the broad gunwale to his father, who as quickly jabbed a skewer of salted bait from the bait-box, threaded it into the trap, knotted the hatch, and put the basket ready for sowing again in the long string in the water.

Then one dark evening a horn sounded two short pips outside the cottage. Mitchell went out and returned soon after.

Tucker looked at his son, inquiring.

"Nothing," Mitchell said. "Somebody wanting the way to the hotel."

"A queer season for the hotel," his father said, his eyes on his son. Marion looked at her husband and went on with her sewing.

They stayed up late by the fire. Mitchell sat restlessly in

his chair. Tucker watched the old wooden clock over the fireplace. Mitchell looked several times at his father.

Finally Tucker spoke. "It's no good, son. You're not going out tonight."

"What do you mean?" his son said.

"I mean to stop you, that's what I mean . . . You going to bed, son?"

"I don't feel like it, not yet," Mitchell said.

"Nor, then, do I," his father said.

They stayed on, and Tucker laid some coal on the dying fire and poked up the embers.

"I've got a mind of my own," Mitchell said at last stubbornly. He got up and went to the door and took down his weather jacket and cap.

Marion's eyes followed her husband. They were both unprepared for the sudden spring from his chair of the older man. "I said you're not going out tonight." His voice was hoarse as he faced his son.

"And I say I am," Mitchell said. "You've always had your own way up till now. But you're not stopping me this time."

"Well, you young fool, if that's what you want—have your say. Make up your own mind. If you want to make a fool of yourself, then that's what I want to see. And I'll stick right beside you. Partners we'll be, like you want it. We'll go on this little boat ride, if that's what you're set on. You and me. Together, eh? We'll see how well you like it."

He put on his own jacket and cap, and forced his son out of the cottage.

"You're not to go. Mitchell, you're not to go." Marion came after them. "Where are you taking him?" She held a torch on her father-in-law.

"It's where he's taking me. If that's a secret from you, too."

Out from the shore the night wind blew in the bay. Tucker sat in the stern of the boat, the engine at half-speed, with his son beside him.

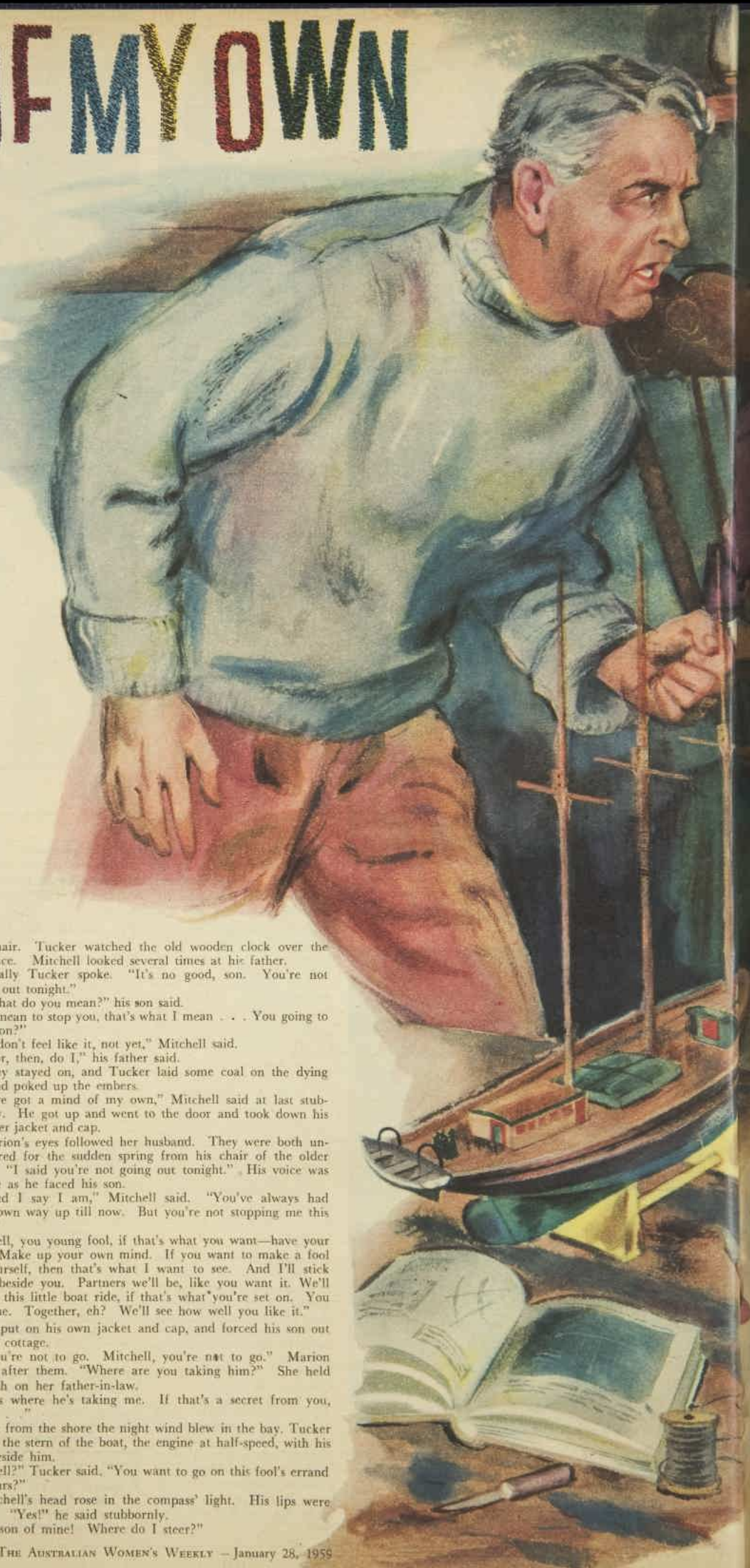
"Well?" Tucker said. "You want to go on this fool's errand of yours?"

Mitchell's head rose in the compass' light. His lips were thick.

"Yes!" he said stubbornly.

"A son of mine! Where do I steer?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 28, 1955





"You're not going out tonight,"
Tucker shouted at his son.

off the Weller Banks. We meet another boat. A
"Smuggling! I guessed as much. You are a damn fool."

"Off the Banks," Mitchell said again doggedly.
They went without running lights, with only the little pin of
light in the compass housing. Astern of them was the light-
house beacon, twisting away.

They were well out in the channel when the sky began to
clear of cloud. A star shone through, and then another, and
they were running under a high black sky.

The boat rose on a wave and Tucker saw a light ahead, low
and red, then another well off port. His son saw them, too,
at the same time, and raised his head, staring.

"Well?" Tucker said. "Which is it?"
Mitchell was silent. Tucker looked hard at his son, willing
him to turn back.

"We'll see when we're in closer," Mitchell said. "There's
a light on the rigging set a special way."

They reduced speed and moved slowly towards the light
of the first boat. Gradually they could see that a whole
fleet of boats was out fishing the Banks. Mitchell cut the
engine, and the boat drifted, rocking slowly.

"It's not the first one," he said.

A bare lantern flared up on the second boat, farther away
to port, and they saw figures moving on the deck. A winch
started clanking and a net pulled slowly out of the water.

Tucker watched the netting going on. "Nor the second one
either?" They wallowed in a deep trough. Then on the
crest of the next wave he could see the light reflected off
the wriggling fish in the net. The fishermen spilled them aboard.
The fishing boat's lantern made it difficult to see elsewhere
on the water.

The winch rattled up and the net swung over the side
and out of sight. The light went out.

Mitchell started up the engine again. "Over this way," he
said, pointing.

They began to move in towards the black outlines of the
hulls, blacker than the water or the sky. Tucker reached
out and cut the engine.

"Son—"

"What are you doing?" Mitchell asked.

"Son—listen to me." Tucker had to speak. "The other
night, when you were away . . . I know you say it's none
of my affair. But did you carry anything? I mean, did you
collect anything? From the boat?"

"What if I did?"
"Did you, son? Because if you didn't, if they were just
trying you out or something . . ."

"I've thought about it."

"Once you go into it they've got you. You and Marion.
And your kids when they come. They've got you."

"There's money in it."

Tucker said, "It's not the money, son. You can't tell me
it's the money. We get along all right. We're not rich but
we get along."

"That's easy for you to say," Mitchell said sullenly. "I
just get what you choose to give me."

"Maybe I've been wrong, son," Tucker said slowly. He
felt his son's eyes on him and turned to look at him.

"Yes," said Mitchell. "Maybe you have."

Tucker knew he had said all he could say. He got up from
his seat at the helm and moved forward to the bow. He sat
down in the slowly rocking boat. It was up to his son to be
alone and choose.

Mitchell's hand lay beside the compass housing. Tucker
kept watching it. He heard the water lap as it rocked the
boat. He sat hearing the sounds without listening to them,
watching his son's hand.

It moved suddenly, out of the faint circle of light by the
compass. The engine started up.

Tucker sat in the bow and saw the dim shapes of the fishing
boats on the beam. Their running lights, red and green,
were points in the darkness. He kept looking at them to see
which way Mitchell would take the boat. He saw the lights
swing gradually across the water until they were off astern.
The engine was running strongly, and the lights well away
behind.

After a while he got up, and, crouching against the motion
of the boat, he moved to the stern.

"You keep the tiller," he said, and sat down where Mitchell
had been sitting before.

Mitchell steered for the slow flash of the lighthouse ahead

in the darkness. He turned on the running lights and the
little red light on the port side blinked into sight and put
again when they mounted the crests.

"It wasn't the money," Mitchell finally said. "I think I
just wanted to do something on my own. Away from you."

Tucker nodded. "The blame for that is on me, son."

Mitchell shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe it is. But I
sat here and thought about it. Maybe I did want to do some-
thing apart from you. But I never wanted to do anything
against you."

Tucker sat listening. After a while he said, "What about
him that blew the car horn outside our door?"

"I thought about him," Mitchell said. "I'll just let him
blow it. He can't make any trouble."

"If he does, we can manage anyway, maybe. The two of
us."

The steady engine sound pushed at the black night. The
lighthouse flashed stronger and stronger as they approached it.
They passed the long arm of the point and slowed down
in the bay. With the torch they brought the boat in to shore,
secured it, and went together up the beach and along the
road to the cottage.

As soon as they touched the latch Marion was at the door
in her dressing-gown, her face drawn tight.

She went to the kitchen to make them some tea.

Tucker had something he still wanted to say to his son,
but he didn't know how to say it.

"Tonight," he said, "putting myself in the boat with you.
It was like a bet. Like a gamble . . . I was angry. But I
never stopped weighing it up, all the same. Sometimes
you're afraid you don't know your own son . . ."

Mitchell was squatting down in front of the fire. He
picked up the poker and jabbed at the coals.

"Marion's kept the fire up. It's hot," he said.

She came in through the door carrying the tray. "Yes, I
kept the fire up, but if you think I was warm while you
two were away, the way you went—well!"

"We came back," Mitchell said.

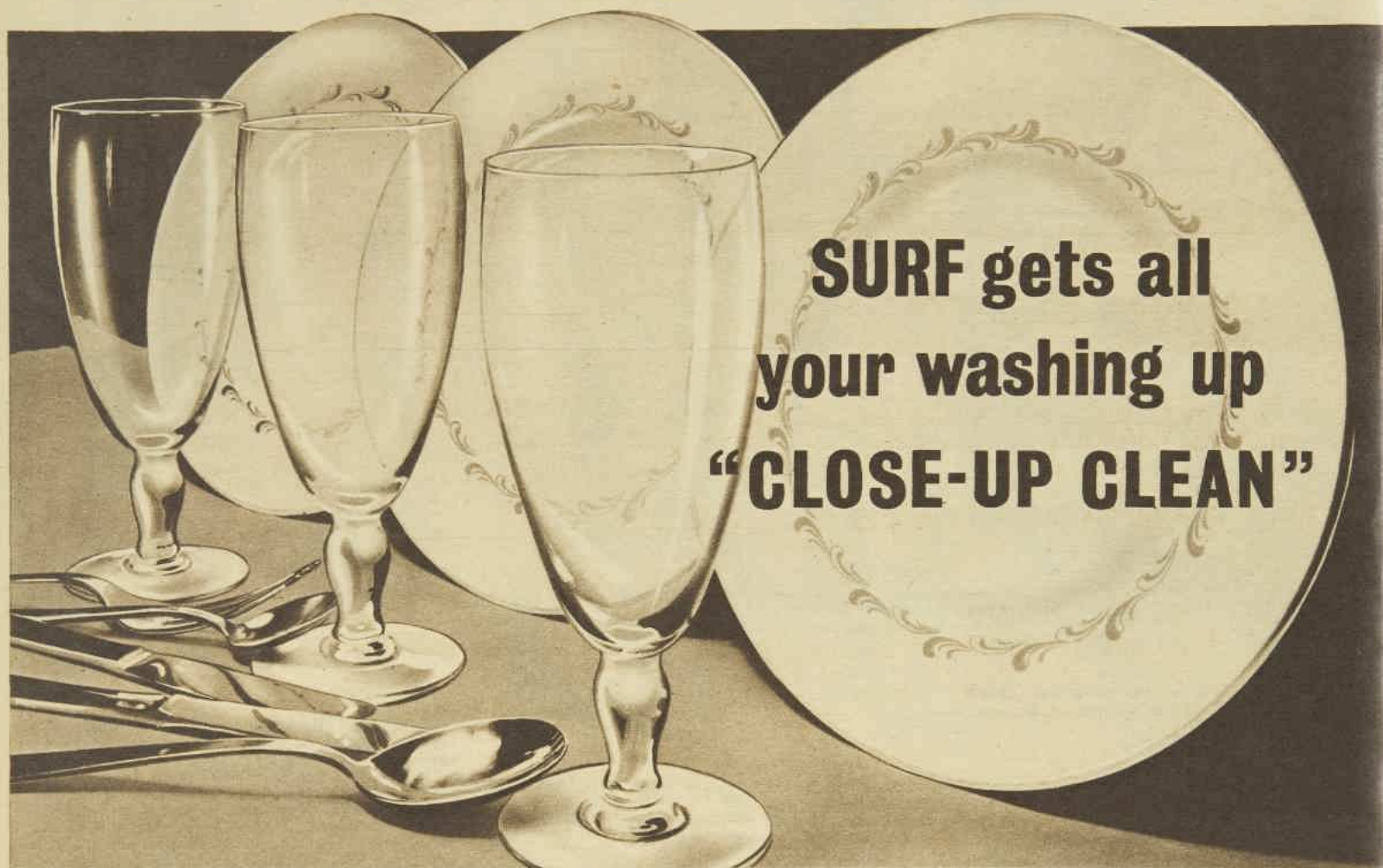
"Yes, and a good thing, too! Here now, here's the tea.
I need it, whether you do or not."

Tucker saw his son smiling and Marion smiling. He
took his cup and felt it warm in his hand. Somehow, what
he had wanted to say was all said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 28, 1959

Mr. Robinson, staid banker, finds
things don't add up when he meets ...

The Blonde from Sumatra

By MIGNON G.
EBERHART

FLORA FORTESCUE was smiling wanly at us. "It was a terrible experience," she said. "There we were in the middle of Sumatra. Daisy had had some vague sort of fever, but she seemed better, and she had chartered a plane, so we took off."

"We ran into bad weather, and there was a tiny landing field near a dreadful guesthouse. We stopped there, and she had a heart attack." She took a second helping of lemon pie and said, "I didn't know banks had such good cooks."

My name is James Robinson. I am a senior vice-president of the bank which had administered Daisy Fortescue Bell's affairs during her lifetime. I am a bachelor. Flora Fortescue, who was Daisy's cousin, Cal Vickers, who had been Daisy's lawyer, and I were lunching in one of the small dining-rooms at the bank.

Flora had flown in from Manila the previous day. She had cabled me at once of Daisy's death; but when she told me on her arrival of Daisy's will, I had suggested inviting Cal Vickers to lunch, too—and wished I hadn't when I met Flora. She was an utterly charming woman.

I asked, "Did Daisy—that is, Mrs. Bell—die immediately?"

"No. But that was when she made the will leaving everything to me. Then she felt better and went to sleep, and she died very quietly during the night. The doctor didn't get there until the next afternoon. He made all the arrangements."

I addressed Cal Vickers. "This will, then, cancels all previous wills?" Flora replied, "Daisy had never made a will before. She was superstitious about it, I think."

The slender, ivory-handled cane she carried slid to the floor, and Cal Vickers nearly broke his neck picking it up. I said, "But surely, Vickers, you advised her to make some sort of will."

He tore his fascinated gaze from Flora and drew himself up pompously; his white hair, noble profile, and gallant manner were all very Kentucky colonel in effect.

"Daisy came to me only once and about an entirely different matter. In fact, she intended divorcing her husband; and since much of her real estate is in California, there was some question of the community property law of which her husband intended to take full advantage. But they were reconciled, and took a trip to Africa."

Flora nodded. "I went, too. It was sad. Her husband died very suddenly."

"That's right," Cal Vickers said. "It was a heart attack. On safari." It struck me that the Bells had chosen peculiar places in which to die. Cal Vickers' blue eyes were humid and hazy. "But I remember Daisy. Dark, thin, scrawny woman," he said with distaste. "Hard look in her eyes—but charming, very charming," he added quickly. "You knew her, Robinson."

"As a matter of fact, I never met her. I inherited her account from my predecessor. I had correspondence with her, of course." As I remembered them, her terse letters did not suggest charm.

Flora said, "Will it take long to have the will probated?"

"Now, now, we lawyers have to earn our living, you know," Cal Vickers almost chortled.

Flora smiled and lowered her eyelashes in a delightful way.

I said, "There'll be no complication about the will?"

"Oh, no," Cal said fruitfully, watching Flora's eyelashes. "It's a holograph will, of course, in Daisy's handwriting, but perfectly clear and legal. No other heirs to dispute it."

Flora sighed gently. "We were quite alone in the world, Daisy and I. She had inherited all that money, and I had none; but I lived with her. Since her husband died we have travelled almost constantly."

The old Kentucky colonel gave a chivalrous start. "See here, Robinson,

To page 36

Flora Fortescue was a charming woman and Mr. Robinson was proud to be seen taking her out to dinner.

ILLUSTRATED
BY MAUDSON



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The Trouble with Lazy Ethel

By ERNEST GANN

MOST of the American civilians assigned to Pistol Two, the name given to the Pacific island base for the Atomic Energy Commission's H-bomb explosion "Operation Zeus," find life full of boredom and frustrations. The Governor of the base, HERBERT ZEBULON PIKE, a retired Army general, has a wife, SUE-ANNE, who drinks too much and who likes to tell Pike he is a fool and was never any success as a soldier—two truths of which Pike is aware and which account for his outward blustering. MARGARET TRUMPEY, working in the Communications, falls in love with ADAM SMITH, the meteorologist, but, because she knows herself to be unattractive, is afraid he does not like her.

FRED HANOVER, the newspaper reporter, cannot find any news, and Adam is in trouble with Pike because he never succeeds in accurately forecasting whether it will rain or not the nights Pike has arranged

outdoor movies, movies being his life's passion. One night Adam idly sketches an imaginary hurricane, "LAZY ETHEL," on his weather map and it is seen by Hanover, who immediately sends off a news story about it.

The following morning Pike receives a message from the main base, Tuamani, asking why his weatherman had not reported the hurricane by normal channels, and what preparation he is making for evacuation. Pike sends for his aide, ALBRIGHT, and Adam, who says he made up the hurricane, but when Pike refuses to believe him Adam decides to continue the deception, saying it was only a little storm. Pike insists on getting hourly reports, and Adam sees he will have to go along with "Ethel" until he can blow it away from the island. To do so he will have to provide one more slight invention. NOW READ ON:

ADAM was disappointed not to find Margaret in the teletype office. Instead, the other girl who occasionally came for his charts and who, Adam vaguely recalled, was known as Smilie or Sunnie, looked up from a movie magazine and said, "Good morning. What can I do you for?" Adam waited uneasily. Margaret obviously knew about Lazy Ethel, but what about this girl? And would it really make any difference if she did know? There were so many things to be considered, he thought. Quickly, very much too quickly it seemed, the possible reaction of everyone on Nikki had to be anticipated.

"Cat got your tongue?" Sunnie Mandel asked. "I want to send a message." "Why not? We got unpteen thousand bucks' worth of equipment and nobody's using it."

She rose from her desk and moved slowly towards Adam. Looking up at him she said: "I wish more people would come in here with messages. It gets awful lonesome. When Margaret's gone I get babbling to myself... like some female hermit who is fabulously rich, has all her money in old tin cans... and won't talk to the outside world."

"Where is Margaret?" "Gone to Aubrey for a haircut. But don't broadcast it. You aren't s'posed to get haircuts on Government time. Only coffee breaks. Like I was saying to Margaret last night, it don't make any special difference where you're working for the Government, the rules and regulations are always the same. There is the kind of rule that is printed down and the kind they put on bulletin boards which everybody has got to initial to prove they read, but these regulations are just made up by people who have to pass the time, and they don't mean a thing once you know your way around."

"No matter where it is, it isn't like private industry with capitalists in grey flannel suits thinking up things for people not to do. You work for the Government, and you got no worries so long as you live by the regulations which are not written down. This produces what I call massive ennui."

"Those are pretty big words," Adam said, still trying to decide if he should give this girl his message or wait for Margaret's return.

"I like to play around with big words," Sunnie said. "You can therefore better express what's on your mind. The idea when you work for the Government, and I should know, is to do exactly what you're told and absolutely, positively, do not do one little thing more. Because if you do you're liable to upset somebody's appercart who is up above your category and who is trying very hard not to do one single thing more than they were told to do. It's a chain reaction, and it goes right on up to the President."

"Nobody hardly ever gets fired for not doing their job right. They get transferred to another agency if their boss has enough influence and energy, or maybe they might be dropped a category if they're low on seniority anyway, but they do not get the can. You get the can when you peel the mildew off your brain and start getting ideas how maybe you could do your job quicker and maybe better. Do I make myself clear?"

"You certainly do," Adam answered with a smile. Peter Hildebrandt was wrong. You got around and talked to a lot of people, or rather they talked to you. Peter should have tagged along on this morning, for example.

"So Margaret won't really get the can because she's having her hair cut on Government time. She will, though, if she

thinks up some new way of sending a teletype message that maybe goes quicker or don't use so many words."

"My message is very brief." Sunnie looked into his eyes and sighed. She said: "From you, what else? Look, Silent Sam, I don't care how many words you put in a message. My job is to punch those keys until I hit EOM, which means end of message. The character who thought up that abbreviation was probably fired just for doing it. And while we're on the subject, do you mind if I mention one little thing before I let you out of my clutches?" "I guess not."

Sunnie laughed. "You couldn't stop me, anyway. Nobody can once I get started. Anyway, I'd just like to go on record that you are the darnedest pebble-kicker I ever ran into. There's a certain girl on this rotten little island who wastes a lot of time, including the Government's, thinking about you. So why don't you break down and give her the time of day once in a while? Just so you won't be scared to death, the girl isn't me. Now what's your message and where's it going?" "To Tuamani," Adam said hesitantly. "To the meteorological office."

"That's MET around here. TUA dash MET. Cuckoo, isn't it?" "If you have a pencil handy I'll write it out; then you can more or less put it in your own style."

"Oh, no," Sunnie said, handing him a pad of forms. "I'm part of the massive ennui. Remember? Your words, I send." She tapped her head. "Monkey see. Monkey do. I won't go up a single category if I think."

Twisting his mouth thoughtfully, Adam slowly printed out the words which had come to his mind in the street. As he did so, he found himself wondering again about the temptations of bank tellers, and it seemed certain to him now that there was no possible retreat.

He handed the pad to Sunnie Mandel, and watched her eyes carefully as she read it aloud.

LAZY ETHEL ANALYSIS BASED ON INCOMPLETE RADIO INFORMATION OBTAINED JAPANESE FISHING BOAT VICINITY PERIOD REGRET DID NOT CONSIDER SOURCE SUFFICIENTLY RELIABLE FILE FORMAL WARNING OR NOTIFY GOVERNOR PIKE UNTIL SITUATION CLARIFIED PERIOD WILL ADVISE IF FURTHER DEVELOPMENT PERIOD.

SMITH

Sunnie looked up at him and shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose I would be wasting my time if I asked you who Lazy Ethel was?"

"Yeah," Adam said. "You would."

"You slay me."

She turned to a teletype machine and sat down before it. Adam experienced a strange, almost triumphant, sensation throughout his body as her fingers began to play over the keys. He whistled when he went out the door.

"Well, Mister Albright!" Pike said, enunciating the Mister with very little more warmth than he had addressed Adam. He prodded his shoulder and winced. As Pike's eyes roved over him, Albright was unable to discover the slightest evidence of approval.

He lit a cigarette and waited, swaying slightly in an attempt to maintain at least the appearance of easy confidence. It was not easy these days, he thought; partly because in Pike's presence he had the strangest feeling of inferiority and partly



because he found the emotion extraordinarily boring. Yet what else except boredom could one expect of the military mind? The whole of Nikki, its population, its very purpose, was boring beyond any sane person's imagination!

Who was there on this atoll who might discuss literature, at least elementary music, or, say, the ballet? Who read the "New Yorker" or ever heard of Henry James? The migrant clouds on Nikki were all devoted to the "Reader's Digest" and the "Saturday Evening Post," which hardly put them in a way to enjoy the "Saturday Review." Sometimes, like this time, Albright was certain that on the day he signed up with the A.E.C. he had been either drunk or bewitched, and had somehow mistaken his application for an income-tax form.

Pike was still looking at him. He said, "Do you always have to wear shorts, Albright?"

"I find them most comfortable in this climate. Is there something wrong with them?"

Albright was convinced that Pike would jolly well have trouble finding anything wrong with his shorts. They were especially designed for his narrow hips by a Madison Avenue tailor, and they cost a comparative fortune. During an impromptu style preview of his going-away apparel in Albright's New York apartment, his friends had clapped their hands and exclaimed at their smartness, and they had all enthusiastically agreed he looked like a British officer long in the desert. Rather like a Sandhurst man, one of them had said.

And, recalling his friends, Albright wished with all his heart he was back with them, instead of standing like a congenial idiot, awaiting the pleasure of a man whose taste and sense of delicacy must have been nurtured near the rear end of an artillery horse.

"I've always thought shorts took a certain amount of dignity from a man," Pike was saying. "They look more appropriate on Boy Scouts."

"I'm sorry if they offend you, sir."

"Oh, now don't get uppity with me, Albright. It's not that bad. The matter is of no consequence at the moment because the climate is going to change around here, anyway."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you."

Pike prodded his shoulder, then moved his thumb experimentally down his arm. He said, "If you would get up a little earlier in the mornings you might be in a better position to follow a lot of things. For instance, I'm sure it's news to you that we're probably in for a hurricane. Do you know what that means?"

"It sounds a bit grim."

Albright stopped swaying. He remembered two hurricanes in New England, one in 1944 while he was still at Yale, and it had been an absolute ball. At least something might relieve the boredom of Nikki.

With a dramatic sweep of his hand, Pike unrolled a map of Nikki and spread it across his desk. "It means," he continued gravely, "that we've got our work cut out for us whether the storm comes or not. Of course, I'm hoping it doesn't come anywhere near us, but we've got to be prepared in advance, regardless. Once it heads this way it will be too late. Our job is to anticipate what we might call the enemy's movements, make every possible defence . . . and, if necessary, even make a strategic retreat."

Pike allowed a slight smile to creep across his mouth. Oh, heavens! Albright thought, as Pike beckoned to him and pointed at the map. Hannibal is now going to cross the Alps. Napoleon is at Austerlitz. This man, so starved for action, was going to bombard a hurricane!

"I've got this all figured out," Pike went on. "It's going to take some organisation and a lot of work, but we won't be caught sleeping on our arms. We just can't afford to be, or somebody is liable to get hurt."

He pondered the map a moment, and Albright saw that his blue eyes were alive with determination. Standing beside him, dutifully imitating Pike's examination of the map, Albright considered that they would have made a far more picturesque pair if they had been standing on the summit of a hill overlooking troops in full battle.

"Our intelligence, such as it is, informs us the storm will be most likely to approach from the south. In that case we should move our people somewhere in here . . . to the north side of Nikki, so we'll get protection from the southerly reef and also of the lagoon itself."

"I see," Albright said as solemnly as he could manage.

"The situation is complicated by the fact that we are dealing with civilians, and so we must take every precaution to prevent panic. The only way I know is to maintain absolute secrecy. Our people must not know why they are being moved until the fact is accomplished. Once safely encamped on the north side, we can explain matters and prepare for the worst."

"Are you suggesting, sir, that we move everyone on Nikki bag and baggage to the north side?"

"No. Not bag and baggage. Their personal effects must be left behind. We will only take every available tarpaulin for use as shelters . . . our workmen can rig up some kind of tents for the children at least . . . and we'll require at least three days' provisions . . . plus some means of cooking."

"How about the natives across the channel?"

"They'll have to go, too, whether they want to or not. I don't want to be responsible for the loss of a single life . . . or even any injury if we can help it. Doc Case will have to take his medical supplies along, of course."

Slowly, almost as if one of his regular attacks of mess-hall nausea had overcome him, Albright began to appreciate the magnitude of Pike's enterprise. Much more quickly he envisioned a mass of detail exploding in his face, all tedious, all involving endless argument, evasion, and lack of sleep.

"General," he said, "there are an awful lot of people here. Just to pick them up and arrange for a mass exodus will be a tremendous undertaking."

"It's got to be done. What's more, we're pressed for time."

"When is the storm supposed to arrive?"

"I don't know exactly. It's manoeuvring to the south right now."

"Are you basing this information on that Smith chap?"

"Yes."

"You seem to have renewed your faith in him."

"I have not for a moment done so. Believe me, I am keeping a wary eye on our Mr. Smith. But this prediction has practically been confirmed by Tuamani, and, what's more, I've received a few signals of my own."

Pike poked his thumb into his shoulder, and, to Albright's astonishment, winked at him. Then he said, "I doubt if even our Mr. Smith would fumble a situation as serious as this. If the storm is coming our way he'll tell me with no ifs, ands, or buts about it."

"When do you want to start all this?" Albright asked. He tried to hide the misery in his voice.

"Now. Right now. You will begin by commandeering every boat, launch, and canoe on the island. I want them at the wharf manned and ready to load at noon. Earlier if you can make it. This is logistics, Albright. Allow one hour to cross the lagoon and an hour after we get there to settle down. Sergeant Doolan and his men will stand by during the loading and patrol here until the last boat is ready to leave. We don't want any looting."

"The boss laborer will be in charge of loading the tarpaulins. Mess-hall personnel will prepare three days' rations . . . there doesn't have to be anything fancy . . . and see that

As the natives paddled and sang, Tanni's voice leading them, the people in the American landing craft waved their greetings.

those are loaded. You'd better arrange to contact Chief Tanni on the other side and have him get all his people set. They'll have to bring their own rations. Oh . . . those girls in the teletype shack should also be assigned to the last boat. I want to keep communication with Tuamani right up to the last minute."

Pike shot his arm forward and glanced at his wrist-watch. He frowned. "It's almost nine-thirty now, so you'll have to get cracking. Oh . . . don't forget light. We'll want illumination of some kind. See that electrician fellow. He may have some kind of a standby generator . . . one of those little gasoline-powered jobs that are portable. If not, have him make do with something . . . maybe he can round up some emergency pressure lamps. I know very well there aren't any flashlight batteries available . . . and another thing. Absolutely no whisky or spirits of any kind are to be taken except for medicinal use by Doc Case if he says he wants some. We don't want this thing to turn into a brawl. Remember there will be all kinds of types mixed close together under campaign conditions . . . kids and everything. We'll have enough trouble as it is."

Overwhelmed with the trouble he could see, Albright sought momentary consolation in the ceiling. The attempt was a failure, for he saw in the plywood above him only signals of vast confusion and acute discomfort in which he, Livingston Albright, who preferred to do his camping out amid the better restaurants of New York, was pinioned in the exact centre. He could distinctly taste the rancid flavor of woe in his mouth when he found the will to speak again.

"Governor," he began apologetically, "if I start stirring up this hornets' nest, people are going to start asking questions. They are going to want to know what it's all about. The preparations can hardly remain a secret. What am I supposed to tell them?"

"Say as little as you can, although naturally there will be inquiries. Tell them . . . I have it! You tell them this is merely a drill which we always intended to hold anyway . . . at least twice during our stay. A hurricane drill . . . Nothing more. They should regard it as a relief from their routine duties . . . An outing, if they please. There is no reason for them not to regard it as sort of a holiday. Let the children think they're going on the biggest picnic of their lives. A real adventure! I want to be very certain they aren't frightened."

"Supposing some of the people refuse to go. Maybe they don't care for picnics."

"Ah!" said Pike, as if he had discovered a large and poisonous spider moving across the map of Nikki. "You have a point there which I missed. I just can't get used to dealing with civilians. It's so unhandy, and this is a perfect example. We'll have to use some persuasion if there should be any firm objections . . . which I very much doubt there will be if you present this thing properly."

"Put it this way if you have to. Those who refuse to go will find themselves outcasts. The mess hall and all the food will be locked up. There won't be any light, and the water-evaporation plant will be shut down. They will be a lot more comfortable with us. Make them understand that thoroughly. Then if there are many holdouts send them to me. Now get on with it."

"Yes, sir," Albright said, walking hopelessly towards the

To page 37

"What I always say is . . .

When you're on a good thing

Stick to it!"



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GIRL IN A HURRY

A short short story

By RON
BROOM

CLINT had grown used to the cluttered look of his electric-tool rental shop, just as he'd grown used to the untidiness of his two-room living space above it. His shop catered for men, anyway, and men liked to look around a bit before they made a selection. But this creature standing before him now was most numbingly not a he-man customer.

She was wearing a pretty dress that curved every now and then. Her dark eyes engaged Clint briefly, and then flickered in disapproval over the premises.

"I need something to scrape my basement walls," she said. "And I'm in a hurry."

Clint had given up hurrying years ago, and at the moment he had a downright desire to stall, simply to keep this lovely creature around as long as possible.

"Handscraping," he suggested criminally, "is slow, but—"

"I'm not going to handscrape my life away in a basement," she said frostily. "Just rent me something from this junkpile — and I mean something that will simply swish through the job."

"Apparently you haven't a man around to do the heavy work," he said.

"There's me—or I," she replied tartly. "I'm getting the house prepped up so I can sell it and move back to Iowa."

A great bleakness settled over Clint.

She went on relentlessly, "Uncle Howard said something about a gadget—"

"Uncle Howard?" he asked, just to keep her talking.

"Uncle Howard was manager of Tri-state Insurance here. He and Aunt Ellen invited me out here from Iowa to be secretary in his office. Then Uncle Howard was transferred to the Coast. I didn't think I should tag along—"

"I'm glad about that."

"So I simply bought their little house. But now I've decided to tell out and go home. Does that qualify me to rent a wall-scrapeer?"

Clint moved reluctantly towards the device he had known from the start was best for her job.

"This is a steamer," he said. "You hold this platter thing to the wall till the paper softens. Then you move along and tear the stuff loose with the scraper in the other hand."

She looked at him suspiciously. "If you'll just load it into the boot of my car . . ."

He took the steamer out to her car and returned quickly. He had her sign the slip. Anna May Johnson, 3912 South Crest Drive.

She put a five-dollar bill on the counter. "There—that's a deposit." And she headed for the door.

All that day Clint found himself worrying about Anna May. Ordinarily a steamer was foolproof, but there were a lot of things a woman might do wrong.

He was not one to rush things, but he did go to the telephone book. He found a Howard Morris on South Crest Drive, and wrote the number on the wall for easy reference.

When Anna May answered breathlessly, Clint said, "You should never run upstairs, Anna May."

"Who is this?" she asked.

"Clint, the toolman. How are you doing?"

"Beautifully! Did they hang the man who invented this gadget?"

"It's really simple for anyone who knows how to work it. Tell you what. I'll drop out and—"

"Don't you dare! I'm getting along magnificently. I have all day tomorrow to finish and bring this unthinkable monster back to your junkpile." She hung up firmly.

Clint closed shop at nine o'clock and then drove out to Crest Drive to investigate.

No one answered his ring, so he went through the open garage doors to the basement and peered in. The walls apparently had not been touched. Anna May had a wrench in her right hand. Her lips moved.

Quietly he withdrew. By tomorrow morning Anna May would shout for help.

But by ten o'clock he had not heard from Anna May. Nor by noon. Suppose she really had the steamer apart. Or had put it together backwards. Or the pressure got too high.

If it did—if anything happened to Anna May, it would be his fault.

At lunchtime he closed shop, loaded another steamer into his car, and headed again for Crest Drive. He rang the front doorbell. No response.

Clint opened the basement door and went down the steps. He opened the recreation-room door, and a cloud of fumes pulled into his face.

"Anna May!" he yelled. "Are you all right?"

She screamed and whirled round. "You scared me to death! I can't exactly see you, but that voice . . ."

"Good old Clint, the steamer man. I was worried about you."

Clint went about opening windows. The steam began to clear, and he got a fresh view of Anna May. She looked wetter than an April shower, but even with danger signals in her eyes she was a lovely sight.

Moving nearer, he inspected her work. She had made almost no progress.

It was amazing that she had managed to do anything.

"How did you ever get this thing hooked up again? I mean—"

"Just what do you mean?"

"Even the best machines can give trouble."

She shook her head. "Not this one. It works like magic. A mere child—"

And then she began to cry. "This—this horrible thing! Nobody could run it decently. I worked all night—and I want to leave a week from Wednesday, and this house isn't in shape to advertise. Oh, go away and let me work!"

"Now, Anna May," Clint said. "Give it to me and rest awhile."

He took the steamer out of her hand, and she turned and ran from the room. "All right! If you won't leave, I will. This is—after all—my house!"

Clint lit into the long front wall. He worked as fast as the steamer would let him, and it was a good steamer. Working doggedly, he reviled himself for his lack of tact, for the lack of even rudimentary brightness.

The only smart thing he'd done was fall in love with Anna May the minute she walked into his shop.

When he finished the job at five o'clock he was reluctant to leave.

The possibility of never seeing Anna May again plunged him into gloom. She wouldn't even be in to pay her bill. The five-dollar deposit would just cover it. Their paths had crossed with a resounding jolt, but there was no way now to keep them from uncrossing.

Dismally he went out and got into his car. As he started the motor the front door opened and Anna May stepped out.

"Clint!" she called urgently. "Wait, please!"

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Hiding out." She smiled contritely. "By the time you'd

worked an hour I realised neither you nor the steamer was to blame. I did take that machine apart last night."

"If you got it back together again you're a mechanical genius."

"No, I'm just stubborn. I wanted to make you eat your words about women. Is—there any way I can make up to you for this?"

He thought of plenty of answers to that, but all of them were beyond hope. His present goal was simply to keep her in sight, as close to him as he could, for as long as possible.

"Well, he said trickily, "I could ask you to come down and help me clean house. It shouldn't take more than a few weeks."

"Let's go," she said. "And I'll take my car, so you won't have to drive me back."

"You'll go in my car," Clint said, and she moved towards it obediently.

"You know," Clint said, as they drove towards the shop, "your coming along now will save your answering the phone. I copied Uncle Howard's number on the wall—just in case."

"You were afraid I'd steal the steamer!"

"You might have. Mainly, though, I'd heard this house was for sale, and I figured I might look into it."

"You want to buy a house?" she asked eagerly. "A real pretty one, low down payment, easy terms, reasonable price?"

"It depends," he said solemnly. "Been thinking about it. The basement walls are going to be fairly nice. The rest would do." He breathed deeply. "I guess it would depend a lot on what goes with the house."

Anna May did not move away from him, and all at once she was smiling. "Details," she said. "Always details."

Somehow she did not look much like a girl about to leave town.

(Copyright)



"Have you anything I could hire to clean down some walls before I paint them?" the girl asked Clint.

From first term to last

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... school shoes for all ages

The very best in materials and workmanship are not the only reasons why you'll get more wear from your child's Paddle Shoes. Paddle shoes are built on Australian lasts with a scientific allowance of grow-room. They fit growing feet longer... they fit your budget better.

Even so, during the "growiest" years, wise mothers will have their kiddies' feet checked for shoe size every 90 days !

Probably, last term's shoes will be too small now, so why not bring your child in for an expert check. See your Paddle store
... it's just another friendly service.



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Back to School in PADDLE Shoes

200,000 NEW PUPILS AT SCHOOL THIS YEAR

How you can help your own children

● School seems strange to the boy or girl entering first class or moving from one school to another. But often school seems just as strange to the parents.

"I never went to a school like this," says many a parent who walks around a modern classroom for the first time and sees the aquarium on the window-sill, the children's paintings on the walls, perhaps a cage of white mice in a corner.

SOMETIMES they are delighted, feeling that learning will come alive for their boys and girls. Sometimes they are appalled, feeling that this is not learning. Sometimes they simply take it for granted, feeling that this is the new way in education.

What is it, exactly, that present-day schools try to offer to children?

To understand it, we must remember that a child learns from all the things he does and all the experiences he has and that this does not change the day a boy or girl goes to school for the first time.

Children do not overnight turn from learning by living and doing to learning out of books or the teacher's words.

The school of today takes account of this. Books and pencils, the teacher explaining at the blackboard, are, of course, part of school.

But learning goes on in a great variety of ways through the school years, and it goes on both in school and out.

What schools try to do

School pulls together and organises the many kinds of learning to which the children are exposed; and it does its best to expose them to much more.

In addition, it takes more and more responsibility for helping the child to develop as an individual capable of living and growing in this complex world under our democratic system.

But today's school is still called upon to teach the skills and drills which have always been the school's concern.

Today a person who does not read easily is going to be seriously limited in the kind of work he can do, the kind of recreation he can enjoy, and in the fullness of living altogether. Learning to spell is a part of becoming "literate."

Arithmetic is also a key subject, one which every child needs for understanding the world in which he lives, and for eventually doing his share of the world's work.

Even in these basic subjects, however, today's teachers rely heavily upon children's natural curiosity and desire to learn.

The curiosity is there, as parents know from the endless

"why" questions. Mothers and fathers can help their children by keeping this curiosity alive instead of killing it.

David, for example, asked his father, "Why do I have to learn those stupid old multiplication tables?"

This wasn't the first time David had asked the question. The first few times his father had explained patiently that David would need arithmetic (and later other mathematics) when he grew up. He would need it if he were a businessman or a scientist or an engineer.

But David had replied that he wasn't going to be any of those things; he was going to be either a detective or a football player.

When David brought up the subject again, his father felt impatient. He was on the verge of saying, "You have to learn them because you have to learn them, whether you like it or not, and that's all there is to it."

But he checked himself because that was the sort of answer he used to get from his own father and he could still remember the resentment, the distaste that it had aroused in him against all learning.

Hesitating a moment gave him time to think. "If you are going to be a football player," he said, "you will have to understand how to keep score, and how the teams are rated."

"No matter what you do, you will be earning and spending money, and will have to keep track of that — which takes arithmetic."

Good teachers have always kept alive, in all possible ways, the children's natural desire to learn.

Today this approach is so generally accepted that we see all kinds of activities in our schools, and some of them seem far removed from reading, writing, and arithmetic.

In school, a boy or girl plays and works with many children of his own age, and encounters, more casually, many older and younger ones.

Here the child learns about differences among individuals and about different attitudes towards persons.

Through this experience, he discovers new possibilities for his own activities. He learns ways of getting along with different boys and girls.

Among the many children around him, he finds some who have skills that he cannot match. But he discovers some of his abilities as well as his limitations.

THIS year the number of Australian schoolchildren will exceed two million for the first time. Officials estimate that State and private schools will have 2,036,000 pupils in their classrooms — 77,000 more than last year. Of these about 200,000 will be attending school for the first time.

For parents who want to know how they can best help their children through the early school years, we are publishing extracts from "The Parents' Guide to Everyday Problems of Boys and Girls," by Sidonie Gruenberg, special consultant to the Child Study Association of America.

This first article explains modern school methods and shows parents how they can assist in the proper education of their children.

He imitates and follows one or more leaders in some activities, and he may become a leader in others. He learns to give as well as to take.

Talking about school at home

It is not wise to ask our children questions about school that suggest disapproval or express to them our doubts and criticisms of the school.

The children cannot do anything about the school; they have to take what is offered to them.

For another thing, our doubts make them doubtful, and it is discouraging to a child to have to work hard at something when he is not sure of its value.

We want our children to do well in school, and we cannot afford to raise any questions in their minds about the worth or importance of what they are doing or about the way they are being taught.

These questions we save for the teacher and the P. and C. meeting.

When our child voices what seems like a justifiable complaint, we may agree with him without shaking his loyalty or faith in his school.

Pupils have to learn that teachers are not perfect, school is not perfect, and sometimes we must put up with what we cannot change.

As parents we can be sympathetic to our children's complaints, and we can certainly



general development and reaction to much of what is going on around him, a child's answer may well be, "Nothing."

We need not feel hurt or shut out by this. Every child has to pull away from his parents as part of growing up — he has to feel that he is becoming a person and that his privacy is respected.

Role of the teacher

When Cecile was halfway through first class her mother said to her father, "That teacher doesn't seem to pay any attention to the child. From what I can tell, she treats her as one of a lot of children, lumped together. I'm going to school and have a talk with her!"

Cecile's father said, "You do that. But why don't you watch the class a while first? If you can be specific in your criticism you may get results."

Cecile's mother stopped by at school and asked if she might visit the next day. She was welcomed by the teacher when she came and was given a seat in the classroom.

She watched the class for perhaps an hour and, for the first time, she saw her own child as a teacher saw her — one of a group of children.

She observed that Cecile was rather babyish in some ways when compared with others in the class, rather timid about standing up for her own rights, often looking to the teacher to intervene for her.

The mother saw that the teacher was aware of this, that she now and then did give Cecile a little help, but that she did not help every time the child seemed to think she needed help.

When school was out Cecile's mother had her conference. "Cecile did better than I expected, considering that her mother was here," the teacher said.

"She has been getting more and more grown up. She is making progress, even though you can see that she is still timid and still looking for an adult to fight her battles for her."

"Her work is generally good, although we don't expect much schoolwork in the first term. Was there anything in particular you wanted to discuss?"

The mother found she had no criticism to make. She and the teacher talked about how Cecile might be helped at

home to feel more self-confident.

The teacher suggested she be given a little more responsibility for herself.

"Don't overdo it," the teacher advised. "She's trying hard. School is a strain at the beginning — she has a right to relax at home."

Parents and teachers have quite different places in a child's life. If a mother saw her own girl or boy as only one of a group of six or seven or eight-year-olds, she would be no mother!

Yet that is the way a teacher must see each child in her class.

This does not mean that a teacher is not aware of each child as an individual, different from every other. She must take account of individual differences in learning, in abilities, in maturity.

But for the child's own sake she must hold him to a certain level of work and behaviour.

Sometimes a parent may be concerned about his child's relationship to the teacher when things are going really well.

This often happens when the youngster contradicts his parents or their requirements with, "But my teacher says..."

It is natural for parents to wonder whether they may be losing control of their child in such a situation.

But to some extent we have to expect the child to use what "teacher says" to needle his parents a little and to strengthen his own tentative new feelings of independence.

One of the challenges parents have to meet is how to maintain their own standards and at the same time co-operate with school and other influences in their children's lives.

Parents and teachers have the same goal — to help children become mature, responsible adults — but we don't necessarily agree about all the ways to attain it.

It is possible to disagree with the teacher in some respects and still support the child's loyalty to her (or him).

Next Week Homework, reports, and marks

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There are now two types
of Cesarine...

REGULAR & EASYCARE

Which to use... and Why

A Cesarine SERVICE FEATURE

The sterling qualities of Cesarine have made its name a household word as the finest cotton cloth in its field.

★ With the coming of the new, special finishes, Caesar Fabrics Limited, the makers of Cesarine, introduced a new, drip-dry, no-iron, crease-resistant and dirt-repelling type of Cesarine, called "Easy-care" Cesarine.

"Easy-care" satisfied a long-felt need. It has the advantage of not needing boiling, starching, dampening down—and practically no ironing.

In short, "Easy-care" Cesarine launders in one operation instead of four—a boon to mothers whose children must be kept looking fresh and smart in school shirts, or tunics.

★ However, it must be recognised that drip-dry, no-iron cloths differ somewhat from regular styles of cloth and need different handling. Moreover, one style of cloth may be more satisfactory than another for certain uses.

Before you decide whether to use Regular

TEAR THIS OUT AND KEEP IT BY YOU FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

or "Easy-care" Cesarine, you would be well advised to consider the following points:

Will the garment be subject to regular boiling, starching, ironing? Will it be subjected to very hard wear, rubbing, stains? Will it need to be pleated? Will the cloth be used for table cloths or mats, loose covers, infant's rompers? IN SUCH CASES AS THESE YOU ARE ADVISED TO USE REGULAR CESARINE.

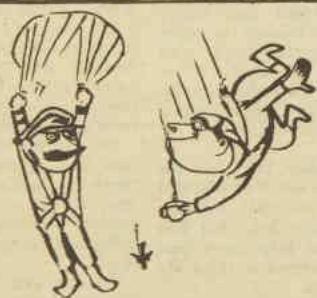
★ If you need Cesarine for school uniforms of unpleated styles, school shirts, office or professional uniforms, sports wear, coagans, bedspreads, especially if washed at home and if you value the considerable time saved in home laundering, "EASYCARE" CESARINE IS RECOMMENDED.

Although "Easy-care" is dirt-repelling, experience indicates that light and frequent washings are best.

★ "Easy-care" will not be harmed by boiling. It simply is not necessary. There is no point in subjecting a cloth to unnecessary laundering when it is made to save you that trouble.

Remember—Regular Cesarine for the hardest wear. "Easy-care" to save time and work.

Cesarine
A CAESAR FABRIC



"Splendid type, Fordyce—never forgets my morning cup of Lipton's."
Lipton's know tea because Lipton's grow tea



END DISCOMFORT OF
VARICOSE VEINS
with cool, light,
so comfortable...

Only Scholl gives you "Soft-Grip" in Surgical Hosiery. No distressing pressure, but complete comfort in wear, together with 100% correct surgical tension. Seamless and all but invisible, these stockings conform to leg movements—give self-adjusting support throughout entire length. Ask for world-famous Scholl Surgical Hosiery. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.
ALSO SCHOLL NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE difficulty of finding a strange address is increased by a lack of house numbers. Certainly some houses have numbers—fancy signs swinging from trees, or coaches galloping across chimneys. If each householder fixed a neat numberplate, costing a shilling or so, beside his letter-box, what a blessing for postmen and tradespeople, and, indeed, for us all.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. V. Malan, Kedron, Qld.

IT would be a nice idea for those able to do it to invite home one of the Asian girls studying here under the Colombo Plan. These students—from India, Siam, Malaya, and Burma—are very charming and courteous, and can show us new ways with cookery and embroidery. Clubs sometimes take them on organised drives—a welcome change from hostel life—but personal contact with Australian family life would further mutual understanding and friendship.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Ankers, North Sydney, N.S.W.

HOW many women stop to consider whether or not they are tidy when they visit the corner shop? It is amazing to see the number of customers with untidy hair, hanging petticoats, and dirty aprons in suburban shops. Surely it takes only a minute to slip off an apron and comb one's hair before leaving the house?

10/6 to Miss D. Brown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

BEING a high-school student, I hope to attend the university, but find that the insurmountable barrier of finance may preclude me from following a professional career. If the education system in Australia is supposed to be free, why is it not made completely so? Most probably there are many students who are not able to further their education because of lack of financial support.

10/6 to Miss M. R. Leak, Waikerie, S.A.

IT is unfortunate that the general opinion seems to be that anyone can do office work and make a success of it, yet we often hear: "She's not clever enough to go to the university; she can always do shorthand and typing," said about young girls beginning a career. Some girls are just as unfit to become clerks or stenographers as doctors and scientists.

10/6 to Miss A. M. Martin, Dulwich, S.A.

EACH year after Christmas I am appalled to see young children with no idea of road rules wobbling along busy streets on their new bicycles. Couldn't a system be introduced whereby each child bicycle-owner could be given a brief road-safety test by the local policeman, who might explain the right use of hand signals and how to cope with the bicycle in traffic.

10/6 to A. Weeks, Perth, W.A.

HOW long must we wait for school examinations to be abolished? For the past 25 years I have heard, from time to time, of assessing scholars' ability by their general daily work, instead of the soul-searing, stomach-knotting process of the yearly examinations. After school days, jobs are not held by yearly examination but by our daily application to prove we are capable and efficient. Every day's work and behaviour should be the deciding factor for matriculation instead of the few days of examinations when most pupils' vitality is at the lowest ebb.

10/6 to Mrs. S. Heard, Tuncurry, N.S.W.

Shoplifting

IN reply to Constance E. Little's letter (31/12/58), one should report a shoplifter. Conviving at crime for fear of being implicated is quite common. One woman I know refused to testify in a case because she disliked the publicity involved. She was prepared to have an innocent man ruined professionally. No one likes such publicity, but it is one's duty to help others. To withhold information is tantamount to a crime against one's neighbor.

10/6 to Miss Edna Courtman, Kalinga, Qld.

Family affairs

I HAVE found a satisfactory solution to the vexed question of the elderly widowed mother living with a married daughter or son. However loved, both generations need to live their own lives, and close and continuous proximity can soon become very irksome. I made my bedroom resemble a sitting-room. The bed is a low divan with chintz spread and matching covers for pillows, etc. There I can have my own friends to visit at any time, to play cards, or just chat. I also find it a pleasant refuge to listen to my favorite radio sessions, read, etc., while the younger ones entertain their own generation, hold family discussions, or just do what they wish without the old question: "What about Mother?"

£1/1/- to "Contented" (name supplied), East St. Kilda, Vic.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

"DID you know there's a town in Germany that has more dogs than people?" I said.

I learned this from a piece of newspaper in which I was wrapping up the garbage.

"Yes, I told you about it yesterday," my wife replied.

I had forgotten her reference to the subject.

It showed a strange quirk of mine. I find news items more interesting when I wrap garbage in them than when they are first published.

Not quite always. A few big events get through at first reading. I did not have to wait for the garbage-wrapping to learn about the first Sputnik, or Lew Hoad turning pro.

I'm speaking of minor things, like Zsa Zsa Gabor getting a new boyfriend, or a wristwatch being found in a fish. They gain in fascination when they are read among crusts, apple-cores, and eggshells.

Sometimes I become so absorbed that I forget to finish wrapping the

NOSE FOR NEWS

garbage. "Come on, this is not the public library," my wife says.

It annoys me when wet food scraps like tomatoes make the paper hard to read.

The other night I was in the middle of an article on Mata Hari when it ran into a patch of gravy.



Garbage-wrapping is a very educational task.

While doing it I have picked up useful knowledge of the habits of whales, how to remove hair-oil stains from chairs, the love-life of

King Louis XIV, and Perry Como's early struggle—to mention only a few outstanding topics.

Some people don't wrap their garbage in paper. They sweep it straight into the tin.

I think this deprives them of cultural opportunities.

They do not shine so much in quiz shows as well-informed garbage-wrappers do.

My wife says she gets more enjoyable reading from the paper round peas and beans.

"When I was shelling the peas today," she told me, "I read a psycho-quiz called, 'Are You a Man-Woman?' I'm not, by the way. But it was interesting."

I don't do the peas often though, and I have had bad luck with the paper round them. There are too many small ads.

To my mind garbage puts you in a more receptive mood. You are eager for distraction.

As soon as my eye catches a headline like "Siamese Twins' Bid For Happiness," I read on.

I can't help it if I have rubbishy tastes.



Good things come in glass

So safe in glass . . . because the perfect purity of glass cannot alter the contents . . . because only glass is chemically inert . . . because glass forms an impenetrable barrier against outside contamination. THAT'S WHY THE PROTECTION OF PRECIOUS DRUGS CAN BEST BE

ENTRUSTED TO GLASS. Scientists know that life-preserving medicines remain perfectly safe in glass, are easy to identify in clear, transparent glass. Therefore, manufacturers really proud of their products, send them to you in the safest container — protective glass.

AUSTRALIAN GLASS MANUFACTURERS COMPANY PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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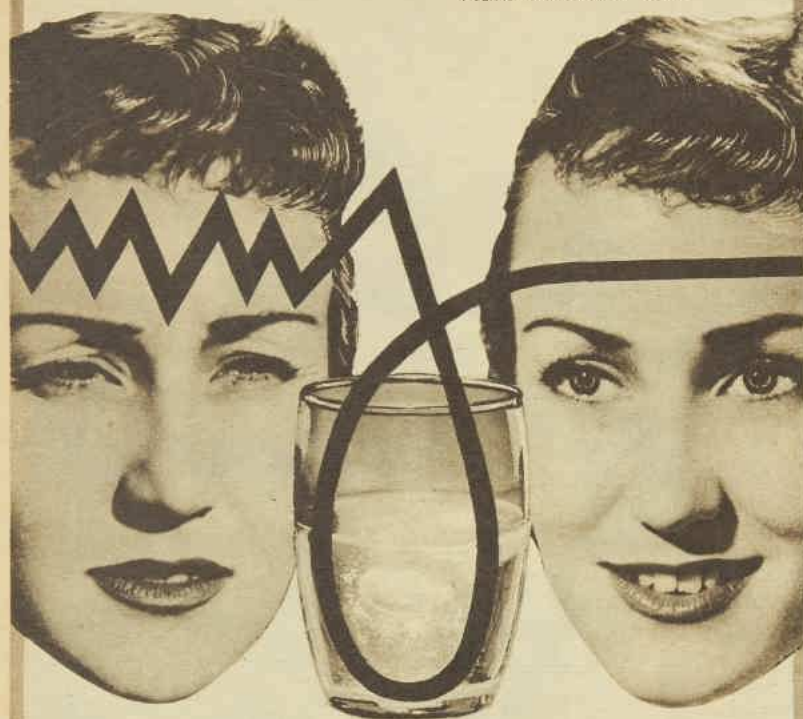
*Medical experience shows that ordinary aspirin causes stomach upset - but...

you avoid this risk with

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

* Further information on request.



The safe, fast way to relieve HEADACHE and PAIN

HERE'S WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Ordinary aspirin does not readily dissolve—it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation, such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN

Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



DOCTORS RECOMMEND

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd (Pharmaceutical Division), Sydney

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep



DS347. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast for waist belt and bow. Price 3/9. Patterns can be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should send orders to Box 6348, Wellington.

● The dress illustrated here is chosen for a young reader to take on a holiday. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your assistance in combining a length of cream linen with enough coarse linen lace for a dress yoke. I would like a waisted style with skirt fullness. The frock is to wear on my holidays, when I will be staying in a large beach hotel. If possible, I would like a pattern for the style you choose. Later I will be wearing the frock for formal day wear, so would also like correct color for shoes and gloves."

The waisted design (above), which I have chosen in answer to your letter, has a sleeveless bodice-top, a lace back-and-front yoke, and a skirt with soft, unpressed pleats. The waistline is belted and could be in self material or a contrast, finished with a tailored bow.

I suggest gloves and shoes in the same shade as the dress.

A paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"AFTER following your column for quite some time, I would now like your advice. I intend making a wardrobe of casuals and separates for a holiday, and want the newest ideas."

This season a new pattern is established in casual fashions. The most obvious change is that the chemise replaces the sundress. Another change stemming from the same source is that snug-fitting halter and camisole tops have given way to the straight overblouse.

A one-piece playsuit that hangs (chemise-style) straight from the shoulder to the hem

over brief matching or contrasting shorts is in high fashion. More general is the one-piece playsuit with a matching skirt and definite waistline. Carryovers from last season include the blouson with a drawstring waist and the middie with tapered above-ankle-length pants.

"HOW many inches from the ground is correct for the skirt of a day dress?"

The length of a skirtline is governed by the silhouette of the dress. Any dress with a wide skirt (the trapeze line) looks prettiest and newest just covering the knee. The chemise line, or any slender line, should be 1in. to 1½in. (the latter for the more conservative) below the knee. I suggest this extra length because a narrow or straight skirt is apt to slither up when the wearer sits.

Beauty in brief: FACING THE SUN

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Keep the pink look for your complexion if you want to finish this summer with fresh and natural charm.

THE pink of your make-up can vary, but it must be pure pink without any hint of blue or orange in it.

Use only the faintest touch of pencil and shadow on the eyes.

For a soft, misty effect, blend the

shadow with cleansing cream before you apply it.

Use mascara on your upper lashes only and leave all the tricks of pencilled lids, shaded eyebrows, and double mascara till the sunshine has gone and cooler weather comes again.

More good Mink Contest hints

Prizes for best budgeting hints

STAYING HOME SAVES MONEY

£5 to Mrs. M. Abbott Smith, Camberwell, Vic.

MY economy plan is to stay home and save by working no longer or harder than a housewife who goes out to earn money.

This net saving per annum is achieved in the following ways:

12 hens	£25
12 ducks	12
Compost and poultry manure	5
Fresh vegetables and flowers	30
Fresh fruit	10
Bottled fruit	10
Jams, pickles, sauces	5
Baking	15
Beehive	2
Dressmaking and mending	200
Painting and renovating	60
Furnishings	40
Haircutting and home permanent waves	25

£439

We have a family of five daughters, and these economies allow us more spending income without interfering with my responsibilities in the family.

We also save on taxation, as my husband can claim a deduction from his income tax for a dependent wife, as well as tax saved because I do not have direct earnings.

Use the phone

Save tram and train fares by making use of the telephone before a visit to the city. Transport usually takes one to a main shopping centre, but, frequently, inquiries to compare goods and prices at other shops situated at extreme points of the city are necessary.

It is surprising in just how many departments these inquiries by phone can be made. Staff is always most courteous and helpful, and often the visit to the city is entirely saved.

Not only is there a constant saving in fares but in time and wear and tear.

£1 to Mrs. H. N. Lord, Hawthorn, Vic.

Handy list

A handbag budgeteer is my constant companion — a tiny notebook containing several lists of vital information, birthday dates, a Christmas list, sizes and measurements of clothing for all members of the family, sizes of sheets, tablecloths, room and window sizes, etc.

Through the year, as I see things, I buy and mark them off. Bargains that are bad buys are avoided, as is duplication. Suitable gifts are bought in comfort and before seasonal demand raises prices. End-of-the-year rush and worry and crowded conditions are avoided.

£1 to Mrs. D. S. Hamilton, Pascoe Vale South, Vic.

Staggered buying

In saving to buy our home, which we now enjoy, my plan of staggering the buying of our clothing has been the most helpful factor. It has been a sure means of saving £30 to £50 a year on wages.

I allot a certain amount, say £40, for the year's expenditure on clothes for two, then

portion it out. For instance, topcoats and footwear this year; next year, summer dresses and underwear; next, sportswear, and so on, keeping to a basic color scheme and making most things myself.

This plan has allowed us to be well dressed at minimum cost.

£1 to Mrs. K. Healy, Inverloch, Vic.

Saving day

I have found an effective and interesting way to save. I budget my housekeeping money on a daily basis; one day a week I have a Saving Day, when I buy as economically as possible for my family of four.

I serve mince meat or sausages, with two inexpensive vegetables, and a pudding made from a pint of milk, served with stewed fruit. I save several shillings on my Saving Day, and put this amount aside until I have sufficient to buy some wanted article, my last purchase being an electric fryer.

£1 to Mrs. A. Watts, Northcote, Vic.

Sinking fund

As a girl I belonged to a large family and one or other of us would run out of money before payday. My mother had a Salvation Box containing a £1 note, which was a lot of money then.

The rule was that the needy person could borrow it for one week only, provided it was returned to the box, plus one shilling, at the end of the week. If borrowed by more than one of us at a time and split up, we still had to pay the shilling interest each. At the end of the year the interest accumulated went towards Christmas treats.

£1 to Miss L. M. Blogg, Toorak, Vic.

● Of the thousands of hints entered in our recent £2000 Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest, there were so many good ones that we have awarded further prizes under sectional headings. The best in each section receives £5, every other hint published £1 each. On this page are hints for budgeting and gardening.



STAYING HOME and being a full-time housewife enables Mrs. M. Abbott Smith to practise economies which save her hundreds of pounds, as shown in panel at left.

Collective gifts

We have an extra large family consisting of four sisters and one brother, all married with eight children among us, not to mention Mum and Dad. Family Christmas gifts used to offer rather an expensive problem until we decided that each adult would receive a present costing £1/10/-, and each child a £1 gift. This meant that a total of £26 had to be provided. Each of the six family groups contributes £4/6/8. We allot the shopping to the ladies. This scheme has proved pounds cheaper than buying presents individually.

£1 to Mrs. J. H. Macpherson, Gympie, N.S.W.

Bargain bank

I decided that out of my weekly housekeeping allowance I could not always afford to take full advantage of bargains, mainly cash-and-carry-store ones, so I drew £20 out of my bank account and called it the Bargain Bank.

Now I am able to buy greater quantities of goods when they are extra cheap, and store them. As I require goods I buy them at their normal price back from the Bank out of housekeeping. Profits accumulate, and the Bargain Bank now holds a six months' profit of £10.

£1 to Mrs. I. Cairns, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Economy hints for gardening

WEED CONTROL

£5 to Miss J. Hallinan, Mascot, N.S.W.

GARDEN enthusiasts in sandy areas invariably find eelworm their greatest enemy. After spending pounds on expensive soil fumigation, I evolved an economical home method of control. Twice a week, after the family wash, I place a bucket of soil neck-high in the boiling copper, pour a kettle of boiling water into the bucket, replace copper lid, and turn off gas, leaving the heat and steam to permeate the soil.

I submitted my method to the Department of Agriculture, who approved it, and advised a light dusting of superphosphate afterwards to offset a temporary loss of fertility.

Growing pines

I saved money by growing pines. These can be raised in the garden or in tins. I gathered seeds from pine trees in the district and scattered them in the soil in season, covered lightly and kept moist.

I have planted out about 80 Aleppo pines on my property as windbreaks, and several candle pines in the garden and in cement pots for ornamental purposes. I saved £20 for the 100 pines. I have given many pines to friends as presents, and sold pines to various councils for civic improvements. I sold pines for 1/6 each.

£1 to Mr. T. Pedler, Moonta, S.A.

Potplant gifts

In October, 1957, I planted in two old baking-dishes containing ashes and sand a packet of lavender shower in one and coleus in the other—cost 4/-. When high enough, I transplanted them into painted empty soup, pea, and jam tins.

I gave one each to 50 workmates for whom I couldn't

have afforded bought pot-plants — 4/6 each, and they had a gift with a lot of thought and care but for very little cost. I then felt entitled to buy a white lilac bush, and this year had pieces of that potted as gifts.

£1 to Mrs. E. L. Pollard, Kingswood, N.S.W.

Plant tags

Make tags for plants as follows: Save all metal milk-bottle tops, tinfoil toothpaste and cream tubes, soup packets made from foil, and used cooking foil. Wash and dry, and cut into strips 1½ in. by ½ in. Buy a hank of fine florists' wire for a few pence, cut into short lengths, and thread through tag. Use a firm point to print data concerning seeds or plants.

These tags will withstand all weathers and cost nothing. Metal tags cost on an average 6/- for 25. So each lot I cut I put aside 5/6 (6d. for wire) for something necessary for the home.

£1 to Mrs. L. Collins, Regent, Vic.

Imagined debt

Here's how I saved from a small housekeeping allowance. By considering I owed a debt which simply had to be paid, I put aside a few shillings out of each weekly allowance, gradually increasing until now I am able to take £1 from the housekeeping for savings each week. At the end of a year I have a tidy sum to enable the family to have a holiday or buy something extra for the house.

£1 to Mrs. E. G. Neall, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Halved income

At a time when it was necessary for us to have a fairly large sum of money within a limited time (for return fares for my husband's mother and my sister from England to this country) we wondered how we could possibly manage this almost herculean task.

We decided there was only one way—to halve our income. We did this, and, at the end of the time limit, we had more than we needed for the fares and had not been deprived of anything except luxuries.

£1 to Mrs. C. Scholes, Coogee, N.S.W.

Investments

I pay the housekeeping cheque into my bank each week, then draw out what I consider will be necessary. It is amazing how interested one becomes as the balance grows.

When I had saved £200 I studied the daily finance page and invested £100 with a sharebroker. This amount doubled itself within three months, and I have gone on to bigger things, using profits only for reinvesting.

This interest has helped me considerably with furnishing our new home, so that we have all benefited from my quiet activities.

£1 to Mrs. E. Cumming, Caulfield, Vic.

Kitchen hothouse

I have raised many unusual plants in my substitute glass-house — a large refrigerator crisper (plastic) with a clear lid. This is two-thirds filled with 50/50 mixture of peat moss and vermiculite, and made moist (not wet). Seed is sown in narrow drills or on top if seed is fine.

With the lid on, the box is placed in a sunny window in my kitchen. Most seeds show up in a fortnight and are tricked out into boxes when big enough. I advertise and sell surplus plants and use the money to buy plants which are unsatisfactory raised from seed.

I consider that this is an economy, because gardening is an important part of my life as well as becoming a profitable hobby.

£1 to Mrs. N. Jeffery, Emerald, Vic.

NEXT WEEK PRIZES FOR SEWING HINTS

Judith Aden

**SENSATIONAL
BEAUTY
GUARANTEE!**



Judith Aden positively guarantees —

YOU CANNOT BUY BETTER EVEN AT TWICE THESE PRICES!

**"EVEN-GLOW"
COMPACT
MAKE-UP**

5/6

Wondrously fine and flattering. Never cakes, crumbles, streaks or changes colour. Delightful mirror compact, complete with puff. Perfect for handbag! Creme-glow, Blush-glow, Golden-glow or Bronze-glow.

**"EVEN-GLOW"
LIQUID
MAKE-UP**

4/6

Instantly, your complexion takes on a subtle even glow... the cleverest make-up you could possibly choose! So smooth, so quick and easy to apply. Creme-glow, Blush-glow, Golden-glow, Bronze-glow.

**SPECIAL-
QUALITY
LIPSTICK**

2/11

Firm or creamy type. It looks, feels, and actually is equal to much more expensive lipsticks. Exquisitely perfumed with costly imported "Synfonia Flower" essence. Newest fashion shades.

Push-up case **2/11**
24 hour (propelling) **5/6**

**NYLON
NAIL POLISH**

2/6

A lustrous, lasting nylon enamel that brings glowing beauty to your nails: guaranteed to stay lovely quite as long as expensive polishes. Shades match Judith Aden lipstick.

Nylon **2/6** Pearl **4/6**

**HAIR SET
SPRAY**

7/11

Ever-so-soft! Does everything you expect of sprays twice the price. Never the glassy artificial look, but a fine mist sheen that captures and holds the beauty of your hair right through long evenings or days in the sun. Full size pressure-spray.

Judith Aden

You just cannot buy better
... whatever you pay

ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS

Surprised that such fine quality could be so low priced? Well, try them! Visit the Judith Aden counter and keep in mind Woolworths' famous guarantee —

MONEY BACK CHEERFULLY UNLESS COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

No other cosmetics offer you such a sensational assurance of loveliness!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 28, 1959

Pin a Rose on Me



YESTERDAY the house caught fire. Charlie, last of the decorators, hung the last piece of wallpaper in the hall, lit a cigarette which he'd had behind his ear all morning, stepped neatly off the ladder, collected his things, and with one hand on the front door called out:

"That's the lot, madam. I trust you will be satisfied. Makes a nice entrance, garden-like. Gives a cottage atmosphere. Puts me in mind of me old man's little home in Devon . . ."

I push him and his buckets politely through the front door, and go into the kitchen to prepare dinner for Leila, who has asked herself for the night.

Upstairs an electrician is mending a fused electric fire in my bedroom.

Put on a new apron and decide to keep mind on my work.

Mind blank. Light a cigarette. We could have a nice cottage pie if we had any meat. It would mean mincing the meat, though, and I have lost the mincer. We could have boiled salmon, but that means mayonnaise sauce, cucumber, new potatoes, and peas, which means going out to buy peas, new potatoes, and cucumber, and I don't want to go out in case Robin telephones. Want to speak to Robin. Robin's voice more important to me than any pea, cucumber, or new potato.

Settle for risotto. For risotto you only have to boil rice, fry onions, and chop up any old remains.

Electrician knocks gently on kitchen door.

"Yes," I look up brightly.

"Think you should come and have a look upstairs."

"Oh, why?" I pretend to be very busy and peer into fish kettle.

"Somefink not quite right with the wiring."

"Oh! That'll be all right," I smile vaguely. "I'm sure you know what

to do. I'm busy for the moment. Just do what you think is best."

He hangs about undecided. At last he goes.

Get out rice and throw it into saucepan of boiling water. It says, "stir continually." You have to stir rice without stopping the stirring. I may be there all the afternoon stirring and then what happens if the telephone rings? Can one leave stirred rice to stew in its own juice? Telephone rings, leave rice, rush into hall.

Robin's voice sounds very near.

"Will you have dinner with me to-night?"

"Darling, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Leila's coming up for the night."

"Put her off."

"I can't. I've aired her bed. She hasn't been up for months."

"I haven't seen you for a week. Send her out for dinner."

"I can't. How would you like to be sent out to dinner when you've come from Cumberland by day?"

"I wouldn't come from Cumberland by day."

"No, darling, I know you wouldn't."

"Tomorrow night, then?"

"If she's gone, yes."

"My God, the rice! Darling, it's the rice. I must go. I'll telephone you when she's gone to bed."

"Don't forget."

"I won't forget."

The rice. Oh, God, the rice. Surely I'm too old for this sort of thing, or aren't I? No one is ever too old for anything till they're dead. Feel young.

Why can't Leila stay in Cumberland with its stupid mist, its stupid sheep, and its unclimably stupid fells? Find electrician in kitchen and rice clinging in a glutinous mass to bottom of saucepan.

"Mended?" I smile my question and look hopelessly at rice.

"There's somefink wrong. I fink you ought to come."

What a one-track mind he has.

"I can't come for the moment. This rice has got stuck. I'll be up soon."

"You've burnt the saucepan, that's wot you've done. It won't be no good now. Did it meself once when the wife was out. Had to throw the 'ole lot out."

I find myself flushing with annoyance. "You had better go back to the fire and let me know what's happened later."

He goes reluctantly, muttering, "I fink you ought to see for yourself. I don't know, I'm sure."

Push burnt saucepan and burnt rice under stove and get out fresh rice, fresh saucepan, fresh water and start over again.

If it weren't for Leila I wouldn't have had all this rice nonsense. I'd be sitting quietly in some quiet restaurant, eating quite delicious food with Robin.

Start to stir new rice. Electrician comes back.

"You must come now." He raises his voice. "You really must. There's somefink very wrong. I fink we're on fire."

He seems to have grown taller in his anxiety, and I can see by the red

spots on each cheek that something is wrong.

Leave rice and follow him to my bedroom. Can't see anything except electric fire on its face in the fireplace. "Well? What's the matter? I don't see anything."

He opens the door of my clothes cupboard and beckons me to look inside.

"Look in there," he says. "Car anyfink?"

I can see a tiny flame like a pilot jet spurting up from under the boards and a splintering noise like the crack of dwarfs' whips.

"Yes, I can hear something," I say. "What is it?"

"Fire," he says. "The crumbling of them boards underneaf. You'd better ring for the Fire Brigade."

"Oh, I'm sure that's not necessary," I say. "I can put that out myself."

Fill a tumbler with water from basin and pour it on to spurt of flame. Flame goes out but crack of whips persists.

"You'll ave to get the Fire Brigade." He stands by the cupboard and he looks as though he may cry.

Give in. Go downstairs to telephone.

I give my address and add, "It's only a very small fire, hardly a fire at all, really . . ." but the man at the other end has gone and the next minute there are bells clanging, brakes grinding, and three shiny new fire-engines draw up at the front door.

I open the door and without saying "How do you do" or "Good afternoon" a fleet of navy-blue firemen rush up the small staircase dragging axes and hose-pipes after them, their brass helmets gleaming in the afternoon sun.

I run up after them into my room. I show them the electrician, the cupboard, the pilot light, and the cracklings.

"All right, lady." The Head Fireman with a red beard, who looks like Henry the Eighth, looks down on me compassionately. "Leave it to us, lady. You go and sit downstairs."

Go disconsolately downstairs, retrieving Fanny from her basket by the window of the bedroom. Remember rice. Go into kitchen. Rice slumped down to a glutinous mass and stuck at bottom of saucepan.

Smoke everywhere now. Open windows in drawing-room and see all the children of Kensington, most of their mothers, and all their friends gaping at me from opposite side of pavement, wide-eyed in wonder and delight. Sit on sofa and tell Fanny it will be all right.

There is a knock on the front door. Open door and find pale-faced man with bag of tools and blue chin under peaked cap.

"Gas company," he says.

"Oh, yes," I say. "Please come in."

"Aving a bit of trouble, eh?"

"Well, in a way, yes, I suppose we are."

"Can you show me where the gas main is? My instructions is to turn off the gas."

Concluding Josephine Blumenfeld's amusing account of the everyday life of a London housewife.

We go downstairs but we can't find the gas main.

"My son will know," I say. "I will telephone my son."

Telephone Tom in his bowler at his office.

Office operator says he's engaged in conference. Can I leave a message?

"It's rather urgent," I say. "Could you tell him I'm a little bit on fire and can't find the gas main?"

Go upstairs to sit with Fanny. Upstairs the sounds of hammering and breaking wood come through the ceiling. Choppers chop, wood crashes. It is like Chekov's "Cherry Orchard," only instead of an orchard it's my newly decorated little house that is being chopped.

Look up to see huge police inspector in peaked hat with silver chains on his shoulder. "Been upstairs?" he inquires, jerking his thumb in the direction of my bedroom.

"No," I say. "I haven't."

"Coo," he says. "Don't go up there. Played havoc with that room they have. It wouldn't do for you to go up there. Might upset you."

"Yes," I say. "Thank you," I say. "I suppose it might," I say.

Tom arrives in bowler hat. He is pale. Eyes and hair look worried. "Mummy, darling, are you all right? Are you burnt?"

He kneels in front of me and holds my hands. He is a nice son.

Tom turns off gas boiler. Gasman mops his brow. "That's the ticket, sir," he says. "Another five minutes and the lot'd crv gone up in smoke."

Tom and I and Fanny have sherry in the leaf-filled drawing-room. After a while, the brigade of firemen straggle down the stairs and out into the street.

They ring bells, let off brakes, and they're away. I go upstairs. The wall between my room and the spare room is gutted. It looks like the remains of an air raid and smells like a burnt-up rummage sale. Everything is black and charred. The front-door bell rings.

It is Anna reading a book of poems on the doorstep. She holds the little book close up to her eyes.

"Didn't you see the fire-engines going off?" I am suddenly furious that she should be reading poetry when I have nearly been burnt to death.

"No. Were there any? I haven't got my glasses. Yes, I have, they're in this pocket. She puts them on and gazes up at the glass lantern in the hall.

"Oh, look," she says. "Quick. There's a butterfly caught inside the lamp. We must get it out."

"But we've been on fire. The house is in shreds upstairs."

"Never mind," she says. "I'll get a step-ladder."

She gets the gasman. He brings the steps and together they unhook the lantern and open the door for the butterfly to fly out.

But the butterfly doesn't want to fly out, it is sleepy and attached to the lantern. The lantern is its home. It is warm in the lantern. Anna and the gasman are like missionaries trying to make natives take up new religions and wear clothes.

The water is turned off, the gas is turned off. We can't even have tea. I telephone competent, kind, and quiet sister-in-law.

"We've been on fire. Can you bring an electric kettle?"

"We'll take you out to dinner," she says, and later she comes with my competent brother and a gleaming silver electric kettle. Leila arrives at the same time with many suitcases.

"What a pretty house," she says. "But what a funny smell. Is anything burning?"

I tell her she will have to sleep on the sofa in the drawing-room, as the spare room has been burnt to ashes.

Competent brother kind but maddening.

"Are you insured against fire?" he asks.

"But of course," I say. "There's no 'of course' about it. I bet you anything you aren't. Have you notified your solicitor?"

"Yes, dear, of course I have."

"You're lying. You know you haven't."

Competent, kind but more sensitive sister-in-law says. "Don't worry her now, she's still covered in smuts. Give her a drink."

No one takes any notice of Leila, who, exhausted from day's journey from Cumberland, only wants soup and aspirin. Could have bedded her down in the drawing-room and dined with Robin after all.

Kind, competent, and always right brother says, "You will have a lot to do in the morning. You must get through to your insurance brokers. You must ring your solicitor."

He goes on and on. He is tireless. He would never have reached the top of that tree of his if he weren't.

His children would never read poems while his house burned. All his glands work and I am lucky to have him.

His wife pets my hand. "You don't have to listen, but say 'yes.' It's easier."

Winnie arrives next morning with the paper and my breakfast as usual.

"I've taken Her Ladyship her tea in the drawing-room," she says. "She likes her tea first thing."

She picks up some rafters, a few charred beams, and lays them neatly in a pile as she does my underclothes when I leave them on the floor.

"Pin A Rose On Me," by Josephine Blumenfeld, is published by Heinemann.



Front-door bell rings and there is Anna reading a book of poems. "Didn't you see the fire-engines?" I ask. "No, were there any?" she replies.

The Campbells are coming



YUEMBURRA homestead, where the Duke and Duchess of Argyll will stay during their Australian visit. The chairs are on the terrace which overlooks the garden, tennis court, and the Murrumbidgee River.

THE DINING-ROOM has apricot walls, mahogany dining-table, and old cedar chairs. Mrs. Campbell designed the round-cornered white cupboards on which she displays her varied collection of china.



Duke, Duchess to stay at historic homestead

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES

● The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who live in Scotland's Inveraray Castle, will be honored guests of members of the Clan Campbell during their six-week tour of Australia.

AS chieftain of the Campbell Clan—its history started with the Duke's ancestor Gillespie Cambel in the 11th century—the Duke and the Duchess will attend Campbell gatherings in N.S.W., Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia.

One of the houses they will visit is Yuenburra, the convict-built 100-year-old home of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Campbell, of Yass, N.S.W.

During a world tour in 1955, Colonel Campbell, his wife, and younger daughter, Helen, were guests of the Duke and Duchess at Inveraray Castle.

The castle and the nearby village of Inveraray are set in typical Scottish scenery—on the shores of Loch Fyne in the Scottish Highlands; Yuenburra is set in equally typical Australian scenery—on the banks of the Murrumbidgee where the river cuts its way through the Southern Tablelands.

The history of Yuenburra dates from an original grant made in 1835 to the Hall family, who used convict labor to build the original stone-and-pise homestead.

The Halls lived in it until they sold the property to the Campbells in 1950.

The front gate is flanked with a stone arch made of river cobbles. From these rather pink stones Mrs. Campbell chose her color scheme of washed dusty pink walls and pale grey roof.

A Scottish stonemason, William "Scottie"

THE KITCHEN has the traditional country-style dimensions and all modern conveniences. Helen Campbell made the gay striped cotton blinds for the window.

Simpson, of Boorowa, came to make the archways, garden walls, and wide terrace—all from river cobbles, thousands of which were gathered by the Campbells from the riverbank they call their "Bondi."

"Scottie" had earlier built the Campbells' original country home, Billaboola, of granite of the Young district.

The living-room, dining-room, and study—the original part of the Yuenburra homestead—are all large, high-ceilinged rooms, and have French windows opening into the garden or on to the terrace.

Additions built by the Campbells include the terrace, a bedroom wing, and a huge, roomy kitchen which is Mrs. Campbell's special pride.

An annex opening off the kitchen has huge windows, looking over the tennis court to the river, which provide a greenhouse corner for climbing geraniums.

The dining-room, with mahogany table and old cedar chairs, has walls of clear, bright apricot, against which is hung a collection of early French color prints.

In the living-room are many oil paintings. Among them is a charming sampler from a famous old Tasmanian house, Summercoats, worked by 12-year-old Jane Horton in 1814.

In Colonel Campbell's study is an enormous desk which has moved with him from his Sydney law office.

On it is a historic photograph—of Captain De Groot on horseback cutting the ribbon at the opening of the Sydney Harbor Bridge, in 1932.

De Groot was a member of "Colonel Campbell's New Guard, bitter opponents of Mr. Jack Lang's Labor Government, which built the bridge, and Mrs. Campbell provided her daughter's pony for him to ride.

● Overleaf, Inveraray Castle



COLONEL AND MRS. CAMPBELL, on the terrace, watch their daughter Helen in the English-style garden they have developed.

ON THE TERRACE, Helen talks with her 20-year-old brother, Colin, who helps his father run the property, near Yass, N.S.W.



"THE BIG BEND" of the Murrumbidgee River, above which Yuemburra is built. Mrs. Campbell painted this scene to commemorate the aboriginal name of Yuemburra and had her picture reproduced in stained glass for a window beside the front door (right).



COBBLESTONES from the Murrumbidgee River were used to make this archway (left) beside the front gate and other ornamental stone work around the Yuemburra homestead. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Chief of the Clan — and his castle

● Inveraray Castle is the home of Ian Douglas, 11th Duke of Argyll and head of the House and Clan of Campbell.

The castle, surrounded by parklands on the shore of Loch Fyne, protected by the wild highlands on the west coast of Scotland, has been completely renovated and restored by the Duke over the past five years.

Queen Victoria, who visited the castle in 1847, wrote in her journal: "The approach is splendid; the loch very wide; straight before you a fine range of mountains splendidly lit up — green, pink, and lilac."



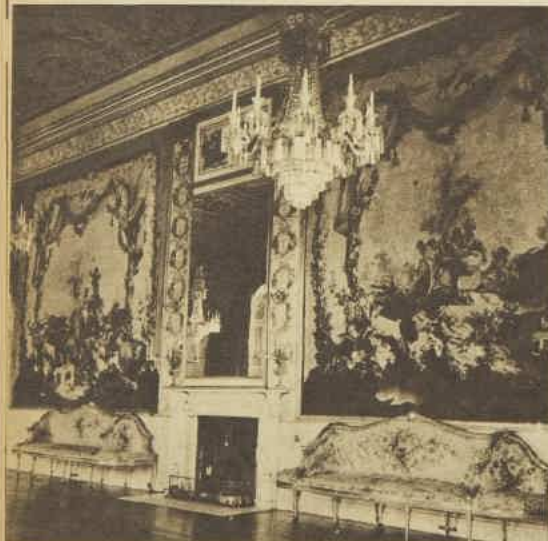
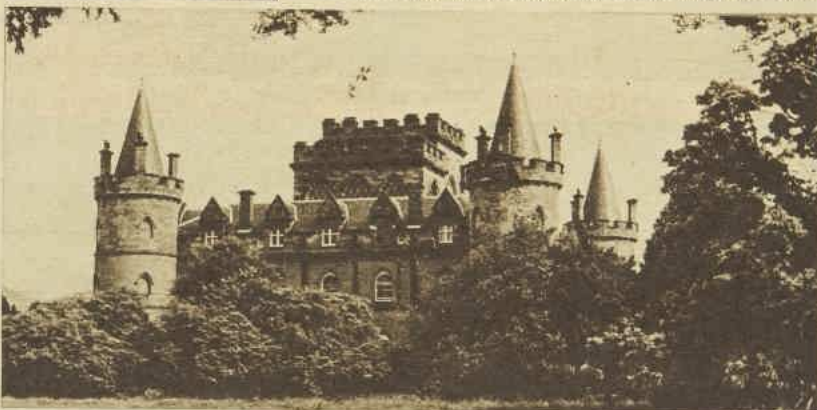
INVERARAY TOWN, with the castle turrets showing through the trees of the park on left. In the distance is the conical hill of Duniquich with its ancient watch tower, and, below, the bridge spanning the mouth of the River Aray, which flows into Loch Fyne.



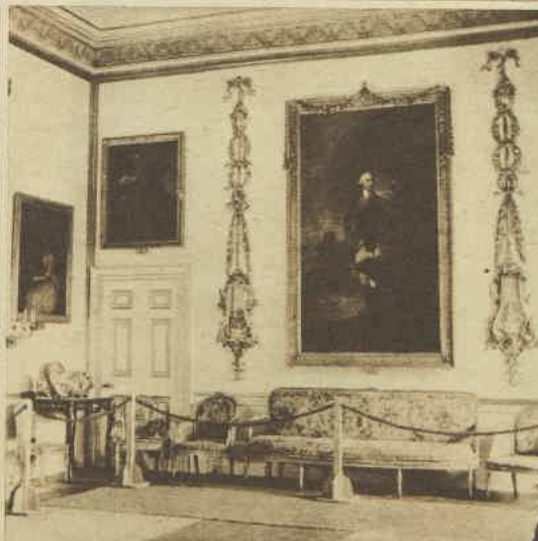
IAN DOUGLAS, 11th Duke of Argyll, attended by his chauffeur-valet, is every inch a Highland chief in his Campbell tartan kilt, crested blue Balmoral bonnet, and black brogues. His Duchess at left, was Mrs. Margaret Sweeney before their marriage in 1951.



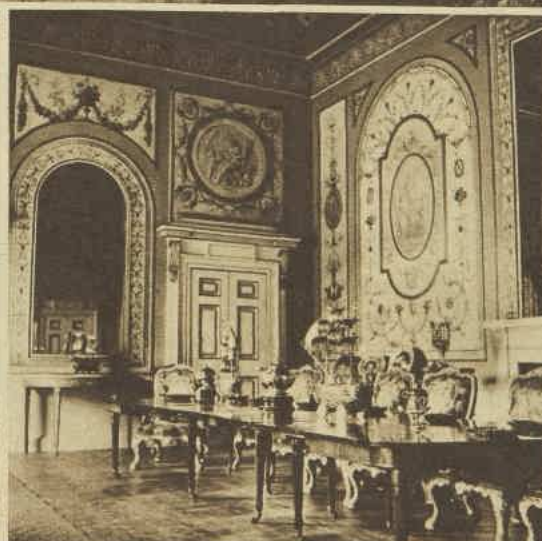
INVERARAY CASTLE, which was built by Archibald, 3rd Duke of Argyll soon after the Jacobite Rising of 1745. The foundation stone was laid the following year and the building completed in 1761. The site is near an earlier fortress of the Campbell chiefs.



THE NORTH-EAST DRAWING-ROOM where John, 5th Duke of Argyll entertained Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell in 1773. On the walls are old French tapestries.



THE SOUTH-WEST DRAWING-ROOM. The portrait between two gilt drops is of Field-Marshal Henry Conway, who married Caroline, daughter of the 4th Duke of Argyll.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM. On the table are 17th-century wheeled galleons, part of the castle's collection of gold plate, which were used as wine carriers on formal occasions.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM a rather attractive girl of 16 years. Over the past five months I have been going with a boy my own age. When we meet or ring each other up we do not know what to speak about. My boy-friend becomes very angry with me when I do not have anything to say. Could you please suggest a cure for these speechless moments?"

"Speechless," N.S.W.

You will have to work hard at your speechlessness. Don't ring up your boy-friend unless you have something to say. And, before you do, write down a list of what you have to talk about. Say what you have to, say goodbye, and hang up.

I don't wonder your boy-friend gets angry. It must be maddening to go out with a girl who has nothing to say. But he must be just as maddening himself. If he had enough to talk about, you would at least be able to answer him or carry on a discussion of some kind, even if you only say "Why?" occasionally.

What rocks me is your description of yourself as "rather attractive." How can you be when you can't carry on a social conversation? I know many young girls are the same, but in such cases I think it is so much better not to get involved in situations that embarrass you.

It is easy to improve your conversational powers. You must be interested in something. It might be the weather, pink dresses, jazz, food, or tennis. Decide what you're most interested in and learn all you can about it, then you'll have something to talk about.

And if you meet a boy who is worth going out with more than once, find out what he is interested in apart from you—it might be motor-bikes or hair-oil—and learn all you can about it, too. Become an expert on his pet subject and you'll slay him.

One of the first things you could do to improve your conversation is to go to a library and find out what happens inside you when you get angry.

Then next time your boy-friend is angry with you because you have nothing to talk about you can tell him exactly what is happening to him. Then he'll be speechless, and it will be your turn.

"WE are two very close friends and are both engaged. I am 19 and my friend is 20. Our parents think a great deal of these boys and approve our marriage to them. We are having a double wedding and have both been engaged for about six months. Both young men wish to be married soon, but we feel it would be wise to wait another year or so, as we are only young. On dates matters sometimes tend to get out of hand. Do you think it would be wise to be married soon?"

C.M., S.A.

Yes.

"WE are two very attractive sisters aged 16 and 15. We are both very much in love with two divine brothers from another State. Our parents approve of them, but do not like the suggestion of marriage put forth to both of us. Do you think we should accept the offer? Our parents say they will disown us if we do so. Please do not say we are too young for marriage, as we are very mature for our ages. We want your guidance."

"Wondering Sisters," Qld.

You certainly should not accept the offer. Or perhaps you should. One of you would have to wait for six years, the other for five before you could marry, and I bet those two divine brothers would be pretty dull old company by then. That is if you were allowed by your parents to see them. You are both far too young to even consider marriage, no matter how mature you are for your age.

"AT the beginning of 1957 I went out with a boy for a short period, but we weren't serious. We didn't tell our parents at the time because we were both far too young. He was then only 15 and I was 14. Now we are two years older, and a few months ago he again asked me to go to the pictures. Before I accepted I asked Mum and Dad, and Mum said, 'Yes, as long as you behave yourself, and don't go on with a lot of silly rot.' We went together for at least two months. Then I found that my best girl-friend liked him and he liked her. I stayed home from the pictures the next night and they sat together. I still liked him a lot, but I wouldn't admit it to my girl-friend. Now she doesn't like him, and he told another girl-friend of mine that he likes me again. I know for myself that he likes me, because he follows me when he sees me, but he is too shy to ask me out again. If he does, do you think I should accept, or leave it for a couple of years?"

"Baffled Biddy," Vic.

If he asks you out again accept the invitation if you want to. From your letter you apparently dropped the boy like a hot coal simply because you found out that your girl-friend liked him.

Even at 16 you should know that such spineless behaviour is no way to keep a man. All women have to fight for their men; they don't hold them if they leave the way open for women who like the look of them.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

HAVING enjoyed so much the first record in the series "Opera Without Words," which was devoted to "Cavalleria Rusticana," I was looking forward to the next LP in the same style of presentation. If anything, it is better than the first and it gives the music from two operas, "Pagliacci" and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" (HAA.2070).

"OPERA WITHOUT WORDS" really gives one a chance to enjoy the music simply as music. This series is being recorded by the Rome Symphony Orchestra conducted by Domenico Savino. Opera is in the musicians' blood; you can tell that they love it.

IT is refreshing to hear the music of "Andrea Chenier" played in continuity. Although Giordano's melodies don't make an immediate impact, you'll find that after a few playings they'll start coming back to you.

REMEMBER "Cigarettes, Whusky and Wild, Wild Women" way back around 1948? Well, it's back now with the same artists—Red Ingle's Natural Seven, on an LP of the same title (T.011). Among the 12 tracks, all as funny as the first one, are "You Can't Be As Fit As A Fiddle When You're As Tight As A Drum," "Turn Your Head, Little Darlin', I Can Still See Your Face," and "I Love You For Seventy Mental Reasons." If you like it wacky, then this is your disc.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



A word from Debbie...

THE first lesson every girl should learn to be a social success is how to enter a room for a party.

However crowded the room, imagine you are walking alone down a staircase with your favorite man waiting for you at the bottom. That way you'll be unhurried, poised, and glad to get there. Once you are in the room, stand still.

Don't panic and flutter and think you'll be left standing unnoticed.

Your hostess will see you and come to meet you and draw you into the crowd. This is far more effective than barging your own way in.

Incidentally, when you're walking down that imaginary staircase, stand up straight, stretched to your full height, and don't wiggle.

Joan Collins starring in

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it this little baby needs money, surely the bank can advance it."

"Oh, no," Flora said. "Daisy was very generous. There's no hurry about the will."

Cal Vickers beamed. "My dear Miss Fortescue—or may I say Miss Flora—just leave it all to me."

We both escorted her to a side entrance where a car was waiting for her—each of us offering an arm, for she walked with a pronounced limp; I was on her right hand, in which she carried her cane, so she took the colonel's arm. It was something to see Cal Vickers strut across the sidewalk, his chest out and Flora on his arm.

"Ah," he sighed, as the traffic swallowed up Flora and the car, "a truly womanly woman. I'm a bachelor myself," he added, not too obliquely.

"So am I," I said, at which he turned abruptly away, bumped into a hydrant, said, "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam," got out his spectacles, put them on, checked himself in the middle of a bow, and looked at his watch. "Afraid I have to make—see you later, Robinson."

He departed with haste. I returned to my office and kept

an eye on my own watch. When I thought Flora had had time to reach her hotel I telephoned and invited her to dinner—beating Cal Vickers, I was sure, by an eyelash. Indeed, the other telephone in her suite rang while I was talking to her.

But after I had put down the telephone, Flora lingered in my office as intangibly and provocatively as her perfume, which had mysteriously suggested a rose garden in June.

Or possibly in October, when roses are sweetest, for she was not a callow juvenile. But her blond beauty still had the aura of youth. She was pleasantly plump; indeed, she was a Rubens woman on a small scale, all curves and dimples. She had golden hair and features whose fine carving was softened by pink and white flesh. She was not a movie siren. Yet she had that haunting quality of charm which cannot be defined and cannot be learned.

I was overcome by a desire to do everything I could for her. So I got out the Daisy Fortescue Bell file and sent for the microfilms concerning her account. These microfilms are, in fact, photographs which record the daily business of the

Continuing . . . The Blonde from Sumatra

[from page 19]

bank and are sent daily to storage (at some distance from the city in the event of emergency) and are kept indefinitely.

In short, I did everything possible to rival Cal Vickers as Flora's protector—in this instance to facilitate the probate of the will.

That night at the fashionable restaurant where I took her for dinner there were soft lights, soft music, and excellent wines. She was charming and vivacious and seemed happy to be there with me.

Later, after we had settled at our table, Flora said, "There'll be a large inheritance tax, I expect."

"I'm afraid so," Daisy was a very rich woman."

She said softly what sounded like, "It's cheap at the price," but the music blurred her words.

"You said—I'm sorry. The music—"

"I said it's such a surprise," she smiled and sang softly with the music something about dancing all night, which struck me as an excellent idea, but Flora didn't dance. "I injured my right knee—oh, long ago, riding," she said wistfully. "But I love the music—and New York. I'm sorry I'm going to France in a few days."

Disappointment was like a pang. "But surely you'll want

Sharp, who did not remember Daisy, but did remember Flora. "Blond hair? Walks with a limp? I didn't like her," Miss Sharp said surprisingly.

"Why not?" Miss Sharp didn't know. I made one regrettable but necessary request, returned to my office and very thoughtfully telephoned to Flora, then to Cal Vickers, asking them to come to my office. Cal Vickers said, "I'll stop at her hotel and bring the little lady."

I had barely concluded a conversation with the head of our safe-deposit department, with a result that was satisfactory in one way but very lowering to my spirits in another way, when Cal arrived with the lady on his arm.

I braced myself. "I've found some papers which I'd like you to put in your safe-deposit box immediately," I said to her. "I asked Vickers to come as your lawyer so he can witness the transfer. We'll go down to the safe-deposit department at once."

Flora's long eyelashes touched her pink cheeks. "I'm afraid I've lost the key. Stupid of me. But I'll just take the papers with me—"

She broke off as Miss Sharp came into my office, put some papers on my desk, and at the door, leaving, made a slight negative motion of her head.

Cal Vickers blustered, "Why, there's nothing that has to go into Miss Flora's safe-deposit box this minute. Robinson!

"It was no risk with Vickers," I went on, "who is too vain to wear his spectacles. It was no risk with me—I had never met Daisy. But Miss Sharp, who was in here a moment ago, informed me that you are not Flora." Her face was as still as marble; her eyes blazed murderously. I said, "Did you murder your husband? And did Flora know it?"

I was then thankful to Cal Vickers; his face was purple but his behaviour as a lawyer and a citizen exemplary. He got Daisy out of my office and what he did then I didn't know and didn't want to know.

He came to me that night. Happy playfully nipped his calf, but like a gentleman he ignored the nip. "How did you know?"

"She said her right knee had been injured—and carried her cane in her right hand. The injury was supposed to be of long-standing; any orthopaedic doctor would have taught her to carry the cane in her left hand."

"That couldn't have been all!"

"She was a little too unconcerned about the money—it was as if she had had it all her life, as indeed she had. She was leaving for France and did not propose to see any of her old friends—who would have recognised her, even though we may presume a family resemblance between her and her cousin Flora. Her disguise was simple. She changed her dark hair to gold and—"

"And ate herself fat!" he cried, his chivalry slipping. "It must have taken months. Or perhaps not so long. Did you see the way she tucked into that second piece of pie?"

"She also said the inheritance tax was cheap at the price," I said. "I knew that it was, after I had looked at the microfilm of the cheques she had made out to the real Flora."

Vickers mopped his red forehead. "The police say that Daisy's husband might have smothered. It could pass for a heart attack if the doctor didn't see him for some time—when they called it cyanosis—had subsided. I suppose she murdered Flora the same way. It'll be hard to prove."

"Why should she pose as Flora at a cost of a terrific inheritance tax if she hadn't murdered Flora?"

He had no answer to that. He rose to leave. At the steps he sighed, muttered, "So charming," and waddled away.

So charming—otherwise I doubt if I'd have exerted myself so thoroughly and fatally in her behalf.

Happy took advantage of my wistful reverie and knocked me down the steps by way of a gentle hint for a walk. He then strolled away into the darkness and I pursued him. It would be hard to lose Happy; indeed at first glance nobody in his senses could be induced to accept him as a gift. But to me, just then, he was far more beautiful than, say, a rose garden.

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... Margaret Merril.

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to see some of your old friends."

"No. Daisy and I have been away so long that I have lost touch. Besides sometimes new friends are best. Don't you think so—Jim?"

Very few women have ever called me Jim. After I deposited her at her hotel, I walked home, feeling about twenty.

When I reached my house, its lighted windows were oddly lacking in welcome. Happy, my great Dane (who has been wickedly referred to as the hound of the Robinsons), sprang upon me with his customary zeal, which I have this far survived only by resorting to football tactics, developed far too long ago—but even that failed to convey a welcome. There was something missing. Perhaps, in truth, a bachelor's life was not a happy one.

Yet some time in the night a faint uneasiness came from somewhere and nagged at my banker's sense. Since I could not pin it down I dismissed it.

The next morning when Daisy's microfilms arrived I spent some time looking at them—a very long time, indeed, since the records for some fifteen years back had been sent. In the end I went down to the rank of tellers' cages and eventually found Miss

Keep them in your own safe."

I sighed. The magic fragrance of roses strangely vanished. I said, "There's another question—only a formality—but we have to have someone identify Miss Fortescue. Some old friend, or perhaps someone here in the bank."

Cal Vickers' eyes popped with angry chivalry. "This is outrageous! Of course she's Miss Flora. Why—why—" he spluttered, "she showed me her passport!"

I said to the lady, "What did Flora have that you had to have?"

Her eyes blazed up at me, then turned hard and cold as steel. Her soft pink and white flesh retreated. Cal Vickers stared, got out his spectacles, put them on with a shaking hand, stared again and shouted, "Great Scott! You're Daisy!"

I had to end it. "You were generous—with Flora—too generous—beginning ten years ago with a cheque for twenty thousand dollars at about the time of your husband's death. Since then you have continued your remarkable generosity with even larger cheques. I suggest that Flora was blackmailing you. I suggest that there is something in her safe-deposit box that is dangerous to you. I submit that you had no intention of ever opening it. Access to Flora's box is too dangerous—forging Flora's name, running the risk of some official remembering Flora too well."

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doorway. He could see himself challenged by that brute of a man Barney Dunbar, who headed the carpenter shop. Or worse yet, Mrs. Walsacki or any one of her chattering group would want to know exactly what the children were going to be fed. And when.

"One more thing," Pike called after him. "Smith is going to come here with the latest on Lazy Ethel at noon . . . says he can't follow it any closer. We may postpone, but you proceed anyway unless you get a written cancellation from me."

"Lazy Ethel, did you say?"

"Yes. That's the name of the hurricane."

Albright arched his eyebrows, then shook his head sadly. He was suddenly filled with a mighty weariness.

"Who thought up that name?" he asked.

"Our Mr. Smith."

"So? I hardly thought him capable of such imagination." Pike was alone for only a moment. He was making a list of the vital papers he should take with him when he heard Sue-Anne's voice. He looked up and saw her posed in the doorway. In spite of his preoccupation he noticed that she was unusually well groomed for so early in the morning.

"Zebulon," she said, "I thought that man was coming to fix the plumbing."

"You misunderstood me, Precious. He wasn't really coming."

"That's what I thought you said, but it didn't make sense." "A lot of things don't make sense around here. Including

Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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the fact that you're going on a picnic."

"A picnic? Now really, Zebulon! You know I don't like picnics. All that sand in my food."

"You won't like this one at all. I want you to pack a few things . . . the regimental bracelet I gave you at Knox, your pearl earrings, and that photo of you and me with Mark Clark. Take anything else you think is valuable, but nothing more than you can slip in a handbag."

"What kind of a picnic is this? Zebulon, you've been working too hard."

She advanced towards him and walked around his desk until she could clasp his hand in her arms. "I'm sorry about last night, Zeb. I don't know what gets into me. Forgive me . . . forgive me!" Sue-Anne. I let you down."

"You're forgiven, Precious. How are your feet?"

"All right, thanks to you. Did you find my shoes?"

"I didn't look for them. I don't think we need to worry about little things like shoes this morning."

"Are they finally going to shoot the bomb? What is all this picnic business?"

"Never mind right now. Just be all set to go by noon. Wear as much clothing as you can. It might be chilly."

"Chilly?"

"Yes. Now run along. I'm up to my ears in work."

Sue-Anne released him and backed away. She patted his cheek, and when she smiled he thought how magnificent she could be when she felt like it. A real soldier. No prying questions. Just appreciation of the need for orders . . . and obedience.

"Of course, Zebulon," she said. "I'll be ready. You just send up a flare when you want me."

She strolled into the hallway, moving with such grace that Pike in one blazing instant of desire thought of abandoning everything on the desk and taking her in his arms.

At the door she turned to smile at him. "I really am sorry about last night," she said.

She was gone before he could quite raise himself from behind the desk.

By ten - thirty

Adam had his regular map prepared and was waiting for Margaret to call for it. It was a true map, monotonously similar to those he had drawn for weeks. Based on his own observations and the routine sheaf of teletype clips which came in from Tuamani every morning, he had again plotted a mild low-pressure trough to the west of Oa Titia atoll and an occluded front some five hundred miles east of Tuamani.

The occluded front was practically stationary, shifting back and forth only a few miles each day, and since it was very near the doldrums area its presumed movements could be as much influenced by cumulative errors in reporting and plotting as any true activity. It was extremely unlikely that it would ever have the slightest effect on the weather at Nikki.

Over the rest of the area covered by his chart there was nothing remarkable. Nikki lay almost in the middle of a large and easy high-pressure ridge, which the lines of barometric pressure defined more or less in the shape of an egg.

Now, regarding the map with some distaste, Adam knew that for the next few days at least the winds would be light, the temperature and humidity about normal for the season, and there would very probably be the usual tropical rain squalls during the nights. There was not the slightest evidence of any Lazy Ethel or even a remotely comparative storm. So he it.

His map would not have been considered as wholly accurate or even entirely reliable by an airline operating within the United States itself. None of them ever had been, since they were drawn upon the information offered from a bare minimum of reporting stations. Adam estimated that for the same area in the States he would know the pressure, dew point, temperature, the wind direction and force prevailing at no fewer than fifty stations. Here he was obliged to rely on only seven stations, Tuamani, Oa Titia, Trigger, the explosion site, a chartered motor vessel two hundred miles to the north-west of Trigger, a Coast Guard cutter two hundred miles to the east of Tuamani, and his own observations on Nikki.

These reports had been occasionally supplemented by advice from aircraft and regular merchant ships which came close enough to the area, but Adam had little faith in it. It was almost always incomplete and usually so old by the time it was sent on to Nikki as to render it useless. Later, when Operation Zeus approached explosion date, Adam under-

stood that a considerable number of Navy ships and Air Force planes would be employed to gather weather data and check particularly on the movements of the upper winds. He sincerely hoped so.

The winds above thirty thousand feet would govern both the spread and radioactive fallout of Zeus. If they set the damnable thing off while relying on only those scanty reports now available, he believed they would be taking a terrible chance.

Beneath the regular map Adam had spread a blank form ready for the following day. Underneath the form he had concealed Pike's special map which he would personally deliver at noon. He had drawn it with care and considerable forethought. Lighting his pipe, he smiled when he recalled how easily he had contrived to place the centre of Lazy Ethel just far enough to the south-west of Nikki so that Pike's neuritis would receive full satisfaction. Yet it was not close enough to make anyone, least of all Pike, ask why the climate on Nikki was not being affected.

On a separate paper he had tentatively sketched in the future of Lazy Ethel. Tomorrow morning he would show her as moving well to the south-east of Nikki and on the following morning she would begin to dissipate an obviously safe distance to the east. By the next day he would explain to Pike that Lazy Ethel had completely vanished off his map.

As for Tuamani, if they kept their interest and became overly curious, he could say no further reports had been intercepted from tuna boats and apparently any disturbance had blown itself out. Pike would have had enough excitement to satisfy him and perhaps he would leave Adam Smith alone. A harmless deception at the worst—and, he mused, well deserved.

Now if Margaret would only come. He blew smoke at the clock on the wall and saw that she was already five minutes late.

He was rolling up the map for Margaret when he heard the screen door slam behind him. He turned around on his stool to smile and was instantly disappointed. His visitor was Hanover.

"Well," Hanover said, wiping the ever-present perspiration from the pouches under his eyes. "Well, good morning to you, Abe Lincoln, and what's with the Union Army?"

Hanover's fingers trembled as he lit a cigarette and sauntered from the door to Adam's drawing-board. Leaning on the board he said, "I hope you don't mind my calling you Abe. You're a dead ringer, you know."

"I've been kidded about it before. I wish the resemblance went a lot further."

"Good answer. Now I also hope you don't mind if I ask a couple more questions. To begin with, friend, what's new?"

"Nothing that I know."

"Is that so?"

Adam did not like the tone of Hanover's voice. It suggested that they were old friends who met on every morning and perhaps, just now, shared a secret. The way his eyes widened in mock surprise left little doubt that he knew about Lazy Ethel and had been the person who had informed Tuamani of its existence.

Adam took his time snapping the rubber bands around the rolled map. This Hanover, unless carefully diverted, could be a banana peel beneath a

well-planned walk. He would be the janitor who accidentally fell against the switch and closed the bank vault just as the teller decided to return the money. He could make a lot of trouble.

Adam managed with some difficulty to return Hanover's fixed smile.

"Just the same old thing around here. If anything turns up, I'll let you know."

"Sure you will, friend. You've got my interests at heart. You've thought it all out how I've been going crazy trying to get some kind of a story out of this hunk of coral and you're lying awake nights trying to think up something for me to write about. I want you to know how much I appreciate your efforts. Have a cigarette."

"I just use this," Adam said, tapping his pipe. "Now I'd like to ask you a question. Have you got a family?"

"No." Hanover's eyes became questioning and then solemn. "No . . . Is it that bad?"

Adam sighed unhappily. This was, he thought, all he needed.

"Now look here, Abe," Hanover was saying. "Be a good guy. I have to make a living just like you do. How about briefing me on what's going on? I want it from the original. In my business we call it from an informed source . . . or an authoritative spokesman. I'll use either one if you don't want your name mentioned. What's going on?"

"What is going on?"

"You know, friend," Han-

over said easily, "you missed your calling. You should have been an actor. Right now your eyes are as innocent as a pugilist accused of taking a fall. Don't just sit there and tell me you of all people don't know what's going on."

Adam shrugged his shoulders. The gesture helped him to ignore the sudden queasy feeling in his stomach.

"What have you been doing for the past hour?" Hanover asked.

"My work. Drawing up the daily map."

"Sure you have. Then of course you wouldn't know why all hell has broken loose on this paradise of the Pacific. You wouldn't know that our idyllic little Polynesian refuge has been suddenly turned inside out . . . and when I say out, I mean just that. You wouldn't know why our dear General Pike has selected this particular morning for a so-called hurricane drill?"

Adam bit hard into his pipestem. It was already lit, but he reached for a match anyway. When he struck it and applied the flame to his already hot pipe, the resulting cloud of smoke almost smothered Hanover. As Adam had hoped, he moved back from the drawing-board. Behind his smokescreen Adam sought frantically to collect his thoughts and find an answer which might subdue his fears. "A hurricane drill?" he asked.

"Yes, friend Abe. Only I happen to know it's not a drill."

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"I've been through plenty of lifeboat drills in my time. I know the form, and I know when you're just supposed to go to your station and stand there and look at the boat and when it's for real and the ship is on its way to the bottom. Now come on, Abe. Give! I know about Lazy Ethel. Give with the details. Let me get my story off while there's still time and I'll leave you alone."

Adam barely managed to sit placidly and puff on his pipe. Holy mackerel, he thought, what have I done? And what has Pike done?

"Come on, Abe. Unroll that map and show it to me. Give me the straight dope and I'll get out of here."

Then he said with an honest sincerity which appalled Adam, "I know you're plenty busy even if you don't act like it, and I realise you're going to be a lot busier. If I have a chance I intend to do a piece on you and the discovery of Lazy Ethel. How bad is it, now, really? Tell me, Abe. My life insurance is paid up. I can take it."

"I wouldn't worry," Adam said, hearing his own voice as if it came from a total stranger. "I just wouldn't bother about the whole thing."

"You mean it's that rough? I remember Wake Island. Will it sweep clean across Nikki like the one did there?"

Adam shook his head. There must be some way out of this, or should he confess now? And if he did, would Hanover believe him? He said, "I . . . I doubt it very much."

"Then why all the prepara-

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The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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tions? I went to see Pike. He claimed he was too busy to talk to me. For once I believed him."

"Look," Adam said hesitantly. He was about to tell Hanover the full truth, yet he could not for the life of him find an easy or convincing way to begin.

"Look," he began again. "I don't know what steps Pike has taken . . . he's sort of excitable, you know . . . but I doubt if there's much chance this storm will come anywhere near us. Pike is probably just getting things ready in case there should be a change."

"He's doing more than getting things ready. He's going. Departure is set up for noon. If I only had a decent camera!"

"I can almost guarantee you any departure will be cancelled," Adam said heavily.

Hanover seemed not to hear him.

"When is Lazy Ethel supposed to hit? When will we see the first indications? It's a funny thing, but when I came over here I looked up at the sky and it sure seemed to have a funny color to me. Weird."

"The color of the sky is now perfectly normal," Adam said firmly. "I can't just say when you might see any indications."

"What's the difference between a typhoon and a hurricane?"

"None, really," Adam answered with a momentary sense of relief. It was so much easier to talk about the theories of weather than it was to create it. And far less involved.

"Both hurricanes and typhoons are cyclonic in nature, although as a general rule a typhoon covers a much larger area. The difference is really in terminology. The word typhoon is customarily used to describe cyclonic storms in the Western Pacific. The word hurricane is normally used in the Caribbean and Atlantic area to describe similar disturbances."

"Aren't typhoons usually accompanied by a tidal wave?"

Hanover interrupted. "For instance, couldn't one follow Lazy Ethel and sweep Nikki clean?"

"Both types of disturbance are frequently followed by a definite rise in the level of the sea along coastal projections or islands, but really . . ."

Adam was shocked to see that Hanover was taking notes. How far could this thing go? He had to stop it right now! There was probably a severe penalty for inventing storms, although he could not remember any mention of one in his entire study of air-mass analysis.

Did they send you to prison for drawing storms which did not exist? Or did they, when a Government project was con-

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

cerned, shoot you for treason? That girl in the teletype office was absolutely right. It did not pay to think when you worked for the Government. Nor anywhere else when you were guilty of thinking this way.

"How hard will the wind blow?" Hanover pressed.

"There's something I want to explain to you . . ."

Adam paused while a truck roared down the street. He looked out the window and was horrified to see it piled high with what were obviously food supplies from the warehouse.

The driver and the two men who hung on near the tailgate had a peculiarly grim look about them. Now, looking down the street, he saw that it was alive with activity. Another truck was manoeuvring down by the equipment park, and a jeep, racing along at high speed, raised a cloud of coral dust near the Marine headquarters. Nikki was usually very quiet at this hour.

Adam was about to start the

explanation which he now knew almost by heart, how Lazy Ethel would soon pass harmlessly out of existence, when Margaret came through the screen door. She said in a way that he thought was all too bright for the moment: "Hi. Is the map ready? Oh, hi Mr. Hanover."

Hanover said, "Hi. You all ready for the big picnic?"

"Sure. But Sunnie and I are bound to miss some of the fun. We're assigned to the last boat."

"Then chivalry is dead on Nikki," Hanover said. "I always thought it was women and children first."

Adam wanted to hide under his drawing-board when Margaret replied that the children were getting ready to go any minute. "But it seems we're supposed to stay around with the teletypes."

"That's sensible," Hanover said. "Much to my surprise, Pike seems to be handling this thing right."

"Of course, it's just a drill," Margaret said with a long look at Adam. Once more he put down a desire to crawl under the drawing-board. Her expression was a strange mixture of sympathy and what he thought might almost be resentment, as if he should have told her about Lazy Ethel on the wharf.

He was amazed when he remembered that just last evening, hardly fifteen hours ago, he had never heard of Lazy Ethel himself. Then he remembered staring down at the whirlpools in the channel after Margaret had left the wharf, and he knew when this troublesome beast had first been conceived. He was going to have to kill it in a hurry.

"Naturally," Hanover was saying to Margaret, "a hurricane drill is the most natural thing in the world around these parts. As far as I can find out after a brief conversation with a man named Terry Mack, who lives on the other side of

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CHOCO-NUT SLICES

THIS week Debbie, our teenage chef, shows how to make choco-nut slices, a simple biscuit-cum-cake with frosting.

Ingredients are: Half-cup tightly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, 8oz. softened butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup uncooked rolled oats. Frosting: Six ounces semi-sweet chocolate coarsely grated or in pieces, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup icing sugar, 1 oz. butter (melted), 3 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts or salted peanuts, 1 cup loosely packed shredded coconut.

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1—AFTER setting the oven to preheat to a moderate temperature, Debbie combines the two sugars, butter, vanilla, salt, and eggs in a mixing-bowl. She mixes these thoroughly with wooden spoon or electric mixer and folds in sifted flour and rolled oats.



2—ABOVE: Debbie spreads the mixture evenly into a shallow-sided oblong or square greased lamington tin with a broad, flexible spatula and places tin in the moderate oven to bake 30 to 35 minutes. It will then be golden brown and firm to touch.



3—ABOVE: Debbie makes the chocolate frosting by combining the chocolate, icing-sugar, butter, and milk in top half of a double saucepan or heat-proof basin and cooks it over hot water 5 minutes. Then she spreads it over the hot baked mixture.



4—RIGHT: To ensure a variety of flavors, Debbie sprinkles one half of the chocolate frosting with chopped nuts and the other half with shredded coconut (toasted or tinted with food coloring, if desired). When cold and set she cuts it into slices.



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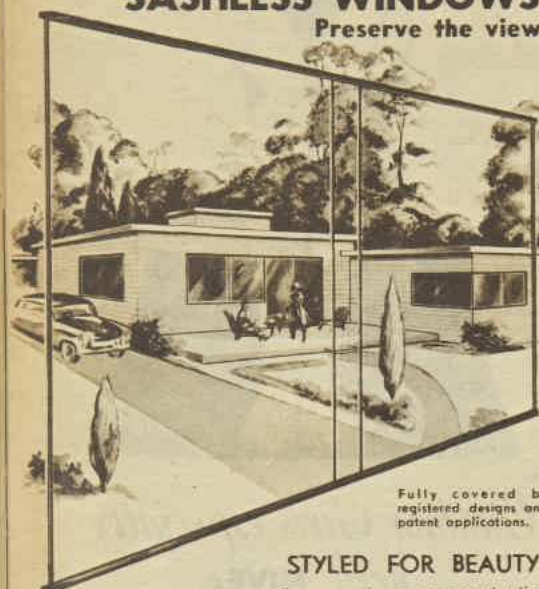
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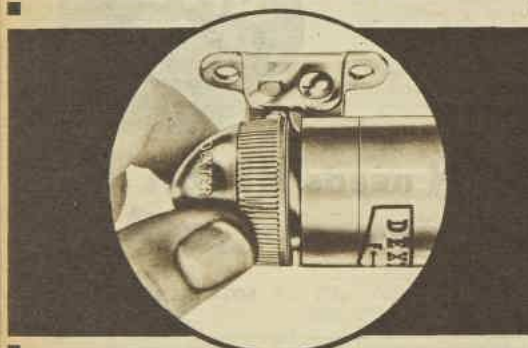
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VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY



OUR HOME PLAN No. A656 has plenty of space for outdoor entertaining. The sundeck built above the garage continues in a sweep across the front of the house to form a terrace. All front rooms have an excellent outlook.

Home in ranch style with large sundeck

● Our plan this week is a charming ranch-type house designed for a wide site that slopes slightly to allow a garage to be built underneath the front sundeck.

THIS is one of our "signature" plans and is the design of Melbourne architect F. T. Humphry. It is on sale at our Home Planning Centres for £7/7/- per full set. See addresses in panel.

A feature of the design is the spacious sundeck on which the living-room opens through double glass doors. This sundeck continues in a big sweep right across the front of the building, forming an uninterrupted terrace outside the bedrooms.

This large outdoor area would be ideal for summer entertaining, and would be delightful on a site with an attractive front outlook.

A wrought-iron surround

links the area, which is finished with a built-up flower-box to give a touch of color at the front door.

A simple roof-line and the generous use of glass across the front elevation gives the house a modern appearance.

All the main rooms have the advantage of the fine front outlook. The bedroom wing is separated completely from the living-rooms by the entry-hall.

Access is given to each room with the minimum passage space.

The three bedrooms are a good size, and all have private access to the bathroom, well out of view of the entry and living rooms.

Bathroom and laundry plumbing is closely grouped at the rear. There is a separate second toilet, with entry from either the laundry or the bedroom hall.

Living-room and dining-

room are fine, open rooms that can be closed off for family living or opened up to form a large space for formal entertaining.

The kitchen is of sufficient size to delight a busy housewife, and has plenty of storage cupboards and work-benches.

There is a wide window across the rear of the kitchen to admit light and give a clear view of the garden and children's playing area.

A meals alcove is shown in a corner of the kitchen, out of the way of the sink and stove. A curved island bench hides the work zone from the meals area.

The dining-room is convenient to the kitchen, and has delightful corner windows to fill the room with light and breezes and to give cross ventilation to the kitchen.

The total area of this excellent family home is 132 squares in brick and 12.08 in timber or fibro.

Estimated costs of building the house are:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5995; timber, £4395; fibro, £4150.

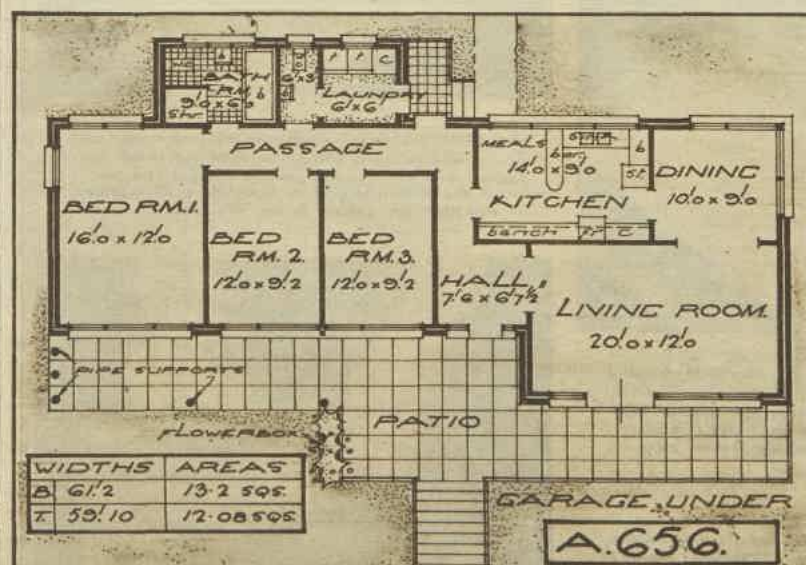
In Victoria: Brick, £5400; brick veneer, £4775; timber, £3800; fibro, £3695.

In South Australia: Brick, £4285; timber, £3810; asbestos, £3715.

In Queensland: Brick, £5985; timber, £3935; fibro, £3855.

In Tasmania: Brick, £5695; timber, £4025.

In Canberra: Brick, £6395; timber, £4575.



FLOOR PLAN of the house shows how the bedrooms are separated completely from the living-rooms and have easy access to the bathroom. The dining-room and kitchen gain plenty of light and air, the dining-room windows giving cross ventilation to the kitchen. A wide window on the kitchen's rear wall overlooks the back garden.

OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with the leading stores in which they are situated, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification. Fee £7/7/- per full set.

We publish a new standard plan every week.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans." Price 2/6 each plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE is given on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS should state the number of the design and the building material to be used. Please enclose fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Also at the Master Builder's Bureau at Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

Garden perfume

Here are pictures and directions for planting and growing four of the most highly perfumed flowers.

There are, of course, scores of others, such as roses, heliotrope, mockorange (philadelphus), primroses, polyanthus, sweetpeas, daphne, buddleias, thymes, and many of the spring-flowering bulbs.

There is, in fact, such tremendous variety among scented plants that it seems a pity to grow those which haven't this additional charm.



LUCULIA GRATISSIMA (above and left), one of the gems of the frost-free garden, a half-hardy shrub that, if planted in warm weather and in well-drained soil, grows to about 12ft., and withstands frost once the stems have matured fully. The highly fragrant pink flowers (there is also a white perfumed variety) appear in May and early June. The flowers resemble those of the hydrangea in shape, appearing in dense clusters. The shrub is fairly resistant to both disease and pests, but needs some pruning when it becomes tall and straggly. Does well in any good rich loam or well-worked friable clay soil.



CARNATIONS (*dianthus caryophyllus*), once known as the clover pink, mainly because the older varieties then cultivated had a strong clover perfume. Does best in well-drained loam; likes lime, needs regular spraying with lime-sulphur to check rust, and, being subject to collar rot, should be grown in well-elevated beds where drainage is perfect. Carnations can be planted almost all the year round.



LAVENDER SPICA (English lavender or *lavan-dula*), above, an old world herb known and loved for many years. This fragrant summer-flowering shrubby plant is hardy, does well from Tasmania to northern New South Wales, and is the source of many perfumes. The entire plant is fragrant—leaves, flowers, and stems. Grows to perfection in limestone country or in gardens where lime is well supplied. Can be grown from seed, divisions, or cuttings very easily. It rarely exceeds two feet.

FRANGIPANI (*pumiera*) is a tropical shrub growing to about 10ft. or more. It is deciduous, flowers in summer, and the blooms are in great demand by florists. Grows well in warm, coastal regions or in very well-protected positions in cooler areas. Can be raised from stem cuttings taken in September. Seed is very slow to germinate. Requires rich, deep, loamy soil that is well drained, and plenty of water during growth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 28, 1955



Piney
PINE-O-CLEEN
says

"Smell that refreshing Pine fragrance...it's Pine-o-cleen

3 products for the cost of 1 ..."

**Antiseptic
Disinfectant
Deodorant**

...all in one bottle...
think of the saving!

FRAGRANT AS A PINE FOREST



**Piney asks
HOW DO YOU...**

1. Combat germs and odours in inaccessible places, down drains and waste pipes?
2. Disinfect your dust bin?
3. Relieve tired aching feet?
4. Discourage blowflies — particularly in unsewered areas?

These, and 101 other jobs, are done easily, swiftly, surely with Oxford Pine-O-Cleen. Fill in the coupon below for a free copy of the Booklet "101 Uses for Fragrant Oxford Pine-O-Cleen."

FREE BOOKLET ... contains uses you've never even thought of ... uses that will save you time, money, worry.



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To: Advertising Department, W.W.I.
Nugget Polish Pty. Ltd., 16 Morris St., WILLIAMSTOWN, Vic.
Please send me free copy of the booklet
"101 Uses for Fragrant Oxford Pine-O-Cleen."

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Don't take chances
with summer colds!



Reach for Listerine!

It's no fun to be "out of the swim"
with a summer cold. Don't take risks.
Gargle regularly with Listerine. Anti-
septic Listerine kills germs...
Stop colds before they start!



YOUR No. 1 PROTECTION
AGAINST INFECTION



The "CARAVELLE" by Guillaume. Reproduced by courtesy
Comité National Artistique de la Coiffure, Paris.

To recondition summer-damaged hair

The scorching rays of the sun and drying and bleach-
ing effects of salt water create very special hair
problems at this time of the year.

From Paris comes this wonderful new hair dressing
and conditioning cream—Vitapointe—which never
fails to impart new life and lustre to hair that is dull,
dry, brittle and lifeless. Brushing with Vitapointe
restores health and vitality to the hair in minutes, and
imparts delightful sheen and sparkling beauty.

A 7/6 tube
lasts a good
two months.

Vitapointe
OF PARIS V.62.10

The Perfect
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM

Banana dish wins £5



UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING COCONUT MIXTURE is used for the casing of the
banana cream tart illustrated above. Swirls of whipped sweetened cream, banana slices,
and cherry pieces decorate the tart.

● A delicious banana cream tart wins the main prize
of £5 this week in our recipe contest for readers.

FOR added richness,
evaporated milk could
be used instead of the milk
in the banana filling.

A recipe for cheese and an-
chovy puffs, an ideal party or
supper savory, wins a conso-
lation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are
level.

BANANA COCONUT TART
Coconut Shell: One cup
brown sugar, 1 cup self-raising
flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1
cup crushed cornflakes, 1/2 cup
coconut, 3oz. solid-type white
shortening.

Combine sugar, sifted flour
and salt, cornflakes, and coco-
nut; add melted shortening,
mix thoroughly. Press three-
quarters of the mixture over
base and sides of greased 8in.
tart-plate. Bake in moderate
oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Banana Filling: One and a
quarter cups milk, 3 table-
spoons cornflour, 1/2 cup sugar,
pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tea-
spoon vanilla essence, 1 table-
spoon butter, 4 ripe bananas,
cream, glace cherries, extra
1 banana.

Mix cornflour, sugar, and
salt together, add 1/2 cup milk,
mix to a smooth paste. Place

in saucepan, add balance of
milk, and stir over heat until
thickened; add beaten egg-
yolk, cook 1 minute longer.
Remove from heat, fold in
vanilla, butter, and mashed
bananas. Fill into cooked and
cooled coconut tart-case and
bake in moderate oven 15 min-
utes longer. Allow to become
cold before decorating with
cream, cherry pieces, and ex-
tra banana slices, sprinkle with
remaining crumb mixture
which has been toasted sep-
arately.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs.
E. Greening, 7 Wood Street,
Kurralta Park, S.A.

CHEESE PUFFS

Eight ounces shortcrust
pastry, 1 tablespoon butter, 1
tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk,
cayenne pepper, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup
grated tasty cheese, 1 or 2
tablespoons anchovy paste,
salt, paprika, parsley.

Roll pastry out to 1/4in.
thickness on lightly floured
board. Cut into shapes to line
small boat-shaped or party
tins, bake in hot oven 10 min-
utes or until pale golden
brown. Spread a little an-
chovy paste over base of each
pastry case. Prepare filling.
Melt butter in saucepan, add

flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes
without browning. Add milk,
stir over heat until sauce
thickens, season to taste with
salt and cayenne. Remove
from heat, stir in egg-yolks
and cheese. Cool slightly, then
fold in stiffly beaten egg-
whites. Spoon into pastry
cases and place in moderate
oven 15 minutes or until
thoroughly reheated. Serve
sprinkled with paprika and
garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. B. Wilson, 31 Loftus St.,
Campsie, N.S.W.

Train your baby's mind

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our
Mothercraft Nurse.

BABY'S mental life begins
at birth, and, like the phy-
sical development, is ex-
tremely rapid.

A baby's brain grows more
in size in the first year than
in the whole of the rest of its
life. Nature makes provision
for this rapid growth by leav-
ing spaces between the bones
of the skull, which are not
completely closed until the
child is about 18 months old.

It is important to realise
that baby's early environment,
the atmosphere in your home,
the daily routine, and your
own attitude to him, all influ-
ence even a very young baby.

Security is necessary for a
stable mental development,
and this comes from wise and
loving care — by your "moth-
ering."

In training baby you should
be careful to teach him early
in life only those habits which
will be beneficial for his men-
tal and physical health.

A chapter dealing in detail
with baby's mental health and
nervous habits is given in my
book "You and Your Baby"
(price 15/-, plus 9d. postage).
This is obtainable from The
Australian Women's Weekly
Mothercraft Service Bureau,
Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney,
and from booksellers in the
capital cities.

Don't
be
home-bound
when
you
should
be
beach bound!

The lame excuses, the you-run-
along's and count-me-out's are as
dated as the flapper dress.
To-day's smart girls never let
time-of-the-month interfere with
their holidays. They rely on Tam-
pax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you
can go swimming while wearing
Tampax. But you don't have to, if
you don't feel like it! The main
advantage of Tampax is that it's
completely invisible under either
a wet or a dry bathing suit. You
can simply sit on the beach, and
no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other
advantages to keep you feeling
secure. It prevents odour from
forming. It never chafes or
irritates. It's easy to dispose of.
In fact, in every way, it's nicer
and daintier. Get your choice of
two absorbencies (Regular or
Super) at any chemist's or depart-
ment stores.

Feel
confident
in a
bathing
suit



Send now for a TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty.
Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me a trial package
of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I
enclose 7d. in stamps for postage
and packing.

Name

Address

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Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

the channel, there hasn't been a storm here since about 1915. He thinks we've all gone crazy, and made some fairly pointed remarks about the emotional antics of Americans in general."

"I'm late," Margaret said, looking at the roll of paper beside Adam's hand. "Can I take the map?"

Adam handed it to her, and as he did so he wished that Hanover would go away so that he could talk to Margaret alone. He wanted to begin by telling her all about Lazy Ethel from the very beginning.

"Would you come back here for a minute after you've delivered the map?" Adam said to Margaret.

"Sure. If Pike doesn't think up something else for me to do."

"I'll just walk up that way with you," Hanover said, opening the door for Margaret. Then he said, "Thanks, Abe. I'll be back later, too."

"Yeah," Adam answered.

Another truck roared past as they went out the door. Be-

Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

from page 39

yond them Adam saw Carlos Raveza sitting on a piece of machinery in the back of the truck. He grinned when he saw Adam, shouted something unintelligible, and threw him a careless salute. He looked, Adam thought, all too much like a brave recruit hurrying off to war.

He turned slowly around on his stool and placed his hands over his eyes. He had to think, and he had to think fast. How could he have got himself into such a jam? What had begun as a harmless fancy seemed to have expanded like a thunderhead until it had become a monstrous thing. It was rapidly threatening to take charge. "I am sitting on a personal Zeus," he muttered.

He opened his fingers far enough so that he could peek between them at the street. It was now well populated. Those people who did not appear to

be carrying something, or bound on some urgent mission, were standing in groups talking earnestly. Adam could guess what they were talking about. How many others besides Hanover, he wondered, had made up their minds this was not a drill?

He saw Margaret walking briskly towards Pike's office. Hanover was still beside her. Damn him! Why couldn't he find his stories somewhere else?

He closed his fingers again, blotting out the sight of the street. He yearned for darkness, silence, complete isolation. He must make one last desperate attempt to find an immediate and honorable end for Lazy Ethel. But the bank vault was closed. It had been slammed shut, way ahead of time! How can I get the money back where it belongs? What have I done? His hands slipped down and around his neck in an involuntary gesture, and he bent his head low.

ON the opposite side of the channel, Chief Tanni leaned against a coconut palm and alternately pondered both the white beach, which formed the nearest lip of the lagoon, and the sky. The beach he knew well; almost every granule of coral on it had at one time or another known the weight of his bare feet. It reminded him now of the pearling season, when there were always excitement and activity enough to rouse the laziest of his people.

He looked down at his people knowing every one of them down to the last child screaming its delight, and he saw that they were almost finished with their preparations. Every canoe in the village had been dragged to the edge of the water, even a few which had not been used for years and so were cracked with dryness and leaked, and there were others which had been left awash and were soggy with neglect.

Now in a spasm of activity, broken outriggers had been repaired, and a great exchange of paddles had taken place so that even those who had not used their canoes for a long time were properly equipped. Amid much hilarity, both Fat Sue and Yip Kee, who were merchants and had never been in a canoe in their lives, were instructed in the proper ways to handle the craft Tanni himself had lent them. In return they were bringing along a generous assortment of the precious cans from their shelves, both agreeing that when the storm came they would lose all anyway and they might as well use this opportunity to create goodwill.

Tanni saw M. DeLage helping his native wife load their canoe, which had an ancient outboard motor attached to the stern. And since M. DeLage could not paddle any better than the two Chinese, Tanni hoped the motor worked better than his wireless, which after almost the full morning's nursing had failed to establish even momentary contact with Papeete or anywhere else over the horizon.

Evaluating the situation on the beach, Tanni estimated that all would be ready for departure long before the time set by the Americans. His people were working together. . . The Mormons and the Catholics were assisting each other as if there had never been the slightest division of interests. Terry Mack was, as usual, running about from group to group, chattering like a monkey and making a

nuisance of himself, but generally the people were too busy to pay him much attention. . . Which was good, because the little Melanesian, who didn't belong on Nikki anyway and never could, had been the first to bring news of the storm from across the channel.

He had been running about ever since on his spindly legs, foretelling the most awful debacle. It was good that his words were not swallowed entirely, for there was not going to be any debacle, which was the French word Terry Mack had used over and over again. There was going to be a storm, but not a debacle if the people across the channel, who were very clever to have known of the storm so far in advance, had done the rest of their thinking properly. Tanni was not so sure about that.

He studied the sky for a long time. Ahwei. Yes, the Americans were clever, although how they could have known that a storm was on its way before the sky itself showed a certain milkiness was beyond his understanding. They were clever, too, in denying that any real storm was approaching, which, of course, was an untruth, but if they preferred to start that way Tanni could not see any harm done.

Long before the Americans were ready to leave their own settlement, Tanni's people would rendezvous beneath the low scrub which dotted the land on the north side of the lagoon and would have their cooking fires ready. They had been told to settle down and wait at that place, which Tanni knew very well since he had often explored there in his youth. Now he thought of it without enthusiasm. It was not, he considered, the best place to seek refuge from any storm which might strike Nikki. It was the flattest part of the atoll and the lowest in respect to the sea. The land offered nothing except the scrub and a few mounds of coral intermixed with small hummocks of sand. None of these elevations were higher than a man's head.

Still enrapt in the sky, Tanni tried to remember the last big storm which had passed across Nikki. But he was only six years old when that had occurred and he found it impossible to recall anything except a vision of his mother singing to him. Thinking back, he was not at all sure the memory did not reflect some other occasion. He had always been under the impression that all storms approached Nikki from the north. Yet whether his belief originated from remembered fact or simply echoed opinions he might have long ago heard from his elders he could not be sure.

He had confirmed his vague opinion by talking with Huahenga's mother and the uncle of Apakura, who were the oldest people on Nikki. Both had shaken their heads dubiously and said that the north side of Nikki was the wrong place to go. They agreed that much more favorable protection would be found on the south side, where there was a fifty-metre hill if things became really bad.

Tanni rubbed his eyes, because staring so long at the sky had made them begin to water. And he was getting a headache, whether from his observations of the sky or the argument within himself he did not know. If the Americans had learned of the storm so far in advance, he finally decided, then they must know what they were doing.

If they said the storm would come from the south,

then it would come from the south in spite of Huahenga's mother and Apakura's uncle, who were old and addled anyway. The Americans were modern. They had machinery and they knew. Look how, in so short a time, they had built a village far more comfortable than Nikki. Ahwei!

Pushing himself away from the coconut palm, Tanni strolled slowly down towards the beach. There was no longer any reason to look at the sky, for of its present nature, at least, he was very certain.

As they passed the post office Margaret told Hanover she would have to leave him and see if there was any mail for the Governor's house. When he said she would be wasting her time because the mail plane hadn't come, and probably wouldn't under the circumstances, and why shouldn't they stop in the store and he would buy her a cold drink, she said she had to make sure about the mail anyway.

Leaving Hanover, she went to the post office and found that it was closed. So, too, was Aubrey Tinsman's beauty salon. She was surprised, because less than an hour before Aubrey had given her a haircut. Now he had left a sign on his door, GONE TO PICNIC! She waited a moment, not wanting to rejoin Hanover. All the way from Adam's office he had tried to persuade her to show him the map, and it was getting to be a bore refusing him.

When she went out into the street he was still waiting for her. "Just like I told you, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. It was closed."

"Everything is closed except I still think we can get that drink."

"No. Thanks very much," Margaret said, starting out for Pike's house with a firm step.

She added, "See you at the picnic."

But obviously Hanover had chosen not to hear her. "About

To page 47

Because it's as fine
as talc

BON AMI

cleans safely!



BE SAFE! USE BON AMI—"it hasn't scratched yet!"

Bon Ami is as fine and silky as talc. That's why it's so gentle and safe with precious porcelain, enamel, metal and painted surfaces. . . why it's so much kinder to your hands. Besides, Bon Ami cleans and polishes like no other coarser cleanser can!

For baths • sinks • windows and all other household purposes.

Gentle Bon Ami is also available in a convenient cake form.



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Men go for Mustard!



Your menfolk know that Keen's Mustard makes the BIG difference to every meal. No other condiment brings out the flavour, savoury taste—the hidden, juicy goodness of all meats. Use it, too, with fish and cheese dishes. . . with sandwiches and in mayonnaise to give that extra appetite appeal.

And here's the 2-minute way to make an economy mayonnaise: Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's sweetened condensed milk into a mixing bowl, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Holbrook's vinegar and 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; mix thoroughly until mixture thickens; allow to stand a few minutes before serving.

Keen's

Mustard makes the meal!

Y113

Page 45

2-minute Cheese Sandwich

A treat with KRAFT CHEDDAR—BEST CHEESE FOR COOKING



Try this flavour-rich sandwich real soon

Here's the easy 2-minute way to make a different kind of sandwich—created for you in the Kraft Kitchen.

- Put thick slices of mellow Kraft Cheddar between 2 slices of buttered bread.

- Butter the **outside** of the sandwich and place in a frying pan which has been heated for

2 or 3 minutes. (No oil needed . . . the butter fries it.)

- Fry both sides. Cut the sandwich in half, garnish and serve piping hot.

This cheese snack is good to eat . . . good for you, too, because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

P.S. If Dad would like a stronger-flavoured packet cheese in his 2-minute Cheese Sandwich, then try Kraft Old English.

Kraft Cheddar is best for cooking . . . for grilling, slicing and shredding, too.

- Kraft Cheddar is a careful blend of selected cheddar cheeses each at the peak of its goodness.
- Pasteurised for purity.
- Slices easily; never crumbles.
- No rind; no waste: wrapped in foil.
- Melts and cooks to perfection—never goes stringy.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the blue 8-oz. packet, the new 1-lb. pack, handy 1-oz. portions, family size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

 **Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses**

that map," he said, again falling into step beside her. "I don't see how you could possibly get in any trouble if you just let me have a peek at it."

"It isn't a question of my getting into any trouble. I'm just a messenger girl, Mr. Hanover. Why don't you ask Pike if you want to see it?"

"I imagine he's pretty busy right now with all this going on."

He nodded at a group of laborers who were nailing temporary battens across the windows of the water-evaporation plant. He said, "A good news-man picks his time if he possibly can, and sees people when they're not up to their necks in something else. So for the last time, how about just a peek?"

"No," Margaret said decisively.

Hanover sighed. "Have it your way, girl. I know what's on the map anyway. Abe Lincoln told me."

"Oh? He did?"

"Regular Gettysburg Address on the nature of hurricanes. He's a smart fellow, but a very poor actor."

They reached the intersection where the narrower road from Pike's house joined the main street. Without slowing her stride, Margaret turned into it. Hanover stopped, reached out, and seized her wrist. "You and Abe are making a mistake."

Continuing

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

[from page 45]

It never pays to hide things from the Press. We can be very helpful people."

"I said I'm just a messenger girl!" Margaret twisted her arm until her wrist was free and quickly walked away.

Her anger was replaced by complete surprise when she entered Pike's office and he smiled broadly at her. "Good morning to you again, young lady!" he said cheerily.

Not certain she had heard him accurately, Margaret advanced until she could place the map on his desk. She saw that it was littered with papers, some of which were prominently labelled "Secret" and others "Restricted." A small hand compass and a many-bladed knife had been placed just behind the sign which bore his name, and a pair of binoculars held down a sheaf of papers on one side.

"Good morning to you again, sir," Margaret said hesitantly. "There wasn't any mail."

"Of course not," Pike boomed without the slightest sign of disappointment. "And a good thing, too! We've got enough going on around here without getting lost in a lot of paperwork. Well," he went

on, still smiling, "all packed to go on the picnic?"

"I was told I would go in the last boat, so I thought I had plenty of time."

"Better get your gear together. I may move the departure up a half-hour or so. No sense in waiting until the stable is on fire before you move the horse. Ho, ho!"

As Pike chuckled to himself, Margaret studied his face in wonder. What in the world had gotten into General Zebulon Pike? He was acting as if he were really going on a picnic and one which he would thoroughly enjoy. His eyes, normally cold and always, she remembered, a little uncertain as if his pride had somehow just been wounded, were now fairly snapping with anticipation. Now, of all things, he carelessly tossed the rolled-up map aside and smiled again at her.

"Here's a message I want sent off right away," he said, ripping a sheet of paper from his note pad. "There may be one or two more, but I doubt it. Better read it to make sure you don't have any trouble putting it on the teletype. My neuritis is giving me the very devil, and I'm afraid my penmanship isn't quite up to par."

MARGARET read the message, which was written in Pike's careful almost Shakesperian hand. It was perfectly legible, quite beautiful visually, she thought. If Pike apologised for his writing, she mused, he should try to read mine. The message was for Tuamani.

"SITUATION PISTOL TWO WELL IN HAND. ALL POSSIBLE MEASURES BEING TAKEN TO PROTECT PERSONNEL AND GOVERNMENT PROPERTY. CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS SECURED. FOR YOUR INFORMATION HAVE ASSUMED EMERGENCY AUTHORITY PLACING MARINE DETACHMENT UNDER MY DIRECT COMMAND. WE ARE READY FOR LAZY ETHEL.

PIKE.

"It's quite clear," Margaret said. "Anything else, sir?"

"No. Just get it out right away."

Before Margaret started towards the door Pike winked at her. "Better take along some warm clothes," he said. "You just happen to be one of the very few people who knows this isn't a drill. No sense in catching cold."

He looked at her and his voice took on a tender, protective note. "Not a little afraid, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Good. Brave girl. It won't be so bad. Everyone will be taken care of."

When she reached the main street again, Margaret looked carefully down its length to make sure Hanover was not waiting for her. But he was not to be seen. Instead, the street was now almost deserted except where it terminated down by the wharf. There she could see a considerable crowd of people. She had not realised so many lived in Pistol Two, probably, she thought, because they had quickly dispersed after their arrival and had never all been assembled in one place again. As she approached the communications shack she saw that many of the people were already in the boats. Those still waiting to board were laden down with packages and clothes, and the mothers were having a busy time corralling the children.

In spite of herself, Margaret

knew a sense of pleasurable excitement. At the very least Lazy Ethel was going to be inconvenient and she supposed that it could be dangerous; but just now with the sun shining and the leisurely, almost festive air with which the people milled about the wharf, it was hard to believe the gathering represented anything more than a picnic. Albeit, whom she could see striding anxiously about in the best tradition of a social director, seemed to be the only harassed person on the wharf.

She entered the communications shack and found Sunnie Mandel engrossed, as usual, in a movie magazine. Margaret had never been able to understand how her supply of movie magazines seemed so inexhaustible. Until one day Sunnie had explained she read each one several times in the belief that careful study would enable her to write for them. "The people who write this stuff have it made," she had explained. "They get paid for yacking with the stars. Imagine!"

Now she did not look up from her magazine, but did acknowledge Margaret's entrance with a throaty hello.

"Hi," Margaret answered and went directly to the number one teletype machine. As she sat down before it and clipped Pike's message to the scanning board she said, "It looks like we're about on our way. Have you done any packing?"

"Unh-uh. They won't let you take enough to make it worth while. I'll be satisfied with a toothbrush."

"We'd better take something to keep us warm, anyway."

"I suppose."

There was a long pause while Margaret's fingers tripped over the teletype keys. She waited for Tuamani's stand-by acknowledgment then sent Pike's message.

When she had finished, Sunnie said, "Our hero was in this morning."

"Who?"

"Silent Sam, the weatherman. Only he's not so silent lately. We almost had a conversation."

"Fine," Margaret said. "I think he needs someone to talk to."

"He does, indeed. Say, what's with him?"

"How do you mean?"

"What's with him? He acts like he's been in the cookie jar . . . like he's sick in the head from something he's done."

"I don't understand you, Sunnie."

"We-yell . . ." Sunnie closed the movie magazine and, doubling her fists, placed them beneath her chin. She leaned forward on her elbows and stared thoughtfully across the street at the weather office.

"Well, maybe I know something I shouldn't. For my money, anyway, it just doesn't figure. This is all aside from the fact he's madly in love with you."

"Oh, now, come on, Sunnie. You're not making sense."

"I am. But he isn't. My twisted little mind has been working overtime and what it comes up with scares me."

Margaret sighed. There were times when Sunnie Mandel could be anything but a delightful companion.

She was often given to long periods of brooding and the most merciless self-analysis.

"Get this," Sunnie said. "Out of a clear blue sky this morning comes a message from Tuamani asking about a storm. They don't know a thing about it, see, and we are supposed to cue them. Okay. But, before that, is there any message from us to anybody about said storm? There is not. So how

did they find out about it in the first place? They have a crystal ball, maybe?"

"So what happens?" she went on. "A little later, Silent Sam comes in here and he's got a message he wants to send to Tuamani. It says he got the dope about the storm from a Jap fishing boat. So okay. I send it. Now what bothers me is how did Silent Sam hear from this fishing boat? He has a special radio in his room, maybe which speaks Japanese?"

"I don't see where it really makes any difference."

"It does to me and I'll tell you why in a minute. Or did you receive some click from a fishing boat?"

"No. I didn't."

"All right, then. Neither did I. Those machines have been silent as a busted-down organ all morning. There wasn't anything yesterday afternoon or last night either. We didn't hear from any boat even if it were possible for them to get on the circuit, which it isn't . . . but I do smell something fishy."

Margaret was touching up her lips before the mirror which hung over the number one machine. She paused now, wondering what strange avenue Sunnie's mind would venture along next.

"You know what I think?" Sunnie said.

"No, I don't know what you think. Frankly, I'm never quite sure."

Margaret knew she was vaguely annoyed and she could not understand why she should be just now. Sunnie was merely chattering along in her standard style. Perhaps, she considered, I am actually a little nervous about going to see Adam Smith without an official reason. But that was silly. Well, anyway, her lips were now all right.

"I think there isn't any storm," Sunnie said flatly.

"What in the world would give you that idea?"

"I think somebody threw a curve at Tuamani just for kicks and they fell for the gag. Now, who would do a thing like that is the next thing I ask myself. And the answer comes through right away clear as if it clicked off number one machine. Silent Sam, it says. Who else?"

"That imagination of yours!" Margaret said, wondering again why she felt so uneasy. "Why would he do a thing like that?"

"That I can't answer. But like I told you he wasn't himself when he came in here. He

To page 54

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A BACHELOR OF HEARTS



STARS of "Bachelor of Hearts," Sylvia Syms and Hardy Kruger, go punting on the River Cam. Kruger is a German exchange student at Cambridge University in this, his second British film.

★ Hardy Kruger, German star of "The One That Got Away," has himself got away to an early start in British films.

AFTER seeing him as the Luftwaffe P.O.W. in his first British film, audiences gave established British stars a nasty jolt by voting Kruger into second place in a recent popularity poll.

Only Dirk Bogarde, long established in the affections of British filmgoers, beat the blond, 30-year-old German newcomer.

As soon as Kruger had completed "The One That Got Away," producers Julian Wintle and Leslie Parkyn hurried him into "Bachelor of Hearts," and have signed him for another film to be made in England during the second half of this year.

In the first half he will star in "S.O.S. Pacific" for Sydney Box.

In "Bachelor of Hearts," directed by Wolf Rilla, the 5ft. 11in. newcomer plays a German exchange student newly arrived at Cambridge. Fast-rising English

actress Sylvia Syms and Ronald Lewis are his co-stars.

Kruger, a blue-eyed heart-throb, is a veteran of 22 German films and one of Germany's top ten actors.

He exudes an arrogant masculinity that gains impact from his extraordinarily boyish appearance.

Married to former actress Renate Densow, he has an 11-year-old daughter, Christiana.

In 1952 he made a quick trip to Hollywood to play the William Holden role in the German version of "The Moon Is Blue."

Kruger achieved his phenomenal one-film success despite a near boycott by the British Press during his first four months in England.

But once the Rank film hit the screen ticket sales proved that this former enemy could be cold-shouldered no longer.

British film-makers had found the most exciting masculine screen personality in years.



FASHIONABLE undergraduate Jeremy Crichton-Hughes (Peter Myers) in an old taxi he rebuilt to look like an English cottage.

KRUGER, over a beer on the Mill Bridge, tells Sylvia about the difficulties of adjusting himself to English life. This Rank Organisation release is photographed in Eastman Color.

Films

WITH
AINSLIE
BAKER



★ GERMAN star Hardy Kruger at the wheel of his car in "Bachelor of Hearts." Producers are rushing him because of the overnight popularity he won with his first British film.

★ THE ANNUAL Poppy Day Rag at Cambridge finds Kruger, hands tied behind him, being led in a tumbrel to Magdalene Bridge by cloaked Dodo Club members.

★ LIGHT-HEARTED student trio—Ronald Lewis, Sylvia Syms, and Jeremy Burnham—drive their battered Bentley through the grounds of Cambridge University.



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TELEVISION PARADE

● Australian women control the TV set in the home. According to a recent private survey, Mum is the one in charge of the switch — the one who says "We'll watch this or watch that."

UNHAPPILY for the man of the house she's no experimenter. She finds her favorite programmes and likes to see them week after week.

As a general rule, any show with a name that suggests war is taboo. It takes a strong, dominant male to get a look first-off at such a programme.

An exception to this rule is "Air Power," one of the most absorbing documentary series of films on TV. It was shown some months ago on Sydney's Channel 9 and Melbourne's Channel 7.

This week, "Air Power" started again (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 10.30 p.m.) in a series hard to match for documentary thrills.

It is an entirely new series bought after an avalanche of requests for the show to begin again. What is queer about the requests is that many of them were from women, which only goes to show that we're unpredictable creatures.

It's not the sort of show women are supposed to like. But they do.

My hair is still standing on end after a look at the first show which started the new series. It was called "The Day North America Is Attacked." For a special treat this two-part feature was shown at one go in one of the most exciting hours of TV I've yet seen.

It was the story of a nuclear attack on America and the steps taken by Continental Air Command Headquarters, the special force designed to combat such an attack.

It was like super-science fiction with that added thrill of horror you get when you know what you're watching is true and could happen any time.

Next Tuesday night's programme is called "The Cold Decade — Airlift." It is the fascinating story of the airlift into Berlin during 1948-49.

If your memory needs refreshing about this, you'll see how the Russians achieved the blockade of Berlin and how the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force flew 2,400,000 tons of food and supplies into the city.

It has been described as one of the most astounding feats of modern aviation. Just how astounding it was is shown in this documentary.

I'M not a cricket fan, but as a TV fan I had a look at the excellent, indeed history-making, telecasts of the third Test. What fascinated me about it was the English cricketers' interest in fashion. There were all the boys on that wet Saturday with relaxed-line sweaters worn very big, unwaisted, and tucked well down over their tails. Chic, perhaps, but I must say I prefer my cricketers with sweaters worn old style, finishing above the tail and worn with folds around the waist.



LUISILLO and members of his Spanish Dance Theatre are making an unexpected live telecast from Sydney's Channel 2 on Sunday, January 25, at 9.30 p.m. The half-hour show will be telecasted and shown later in Melbourne. Above are Luis Fargas, Luisillo, and Teresa Amaya with guitarists Jose Romero and Serafin de Andres. Luisillo and his company came to Australia for a short season for J. C. Williamson and R. J. Kerridge some time ago, and have stayed here for 12 months. The telecast is their farewell performance.

ONE of the social phenomena caused by TV is the tremendous interest aroused in England in archaeology. Public libraries and museums have been deluged with inquiries from people wanting to study the subject, and books on the science have sold like sexy best-sellers.

Said to be the main reason for this is a B.B.C. series called "Buried Treasure" (at present being shown on A.B.C.-TV) and featuring famous archaeologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

Sir Mortimer is secretary of the British Academy and president of the Society of Antiquaries and a real gift to TV.

by
NAN MUSGROVE

The first "Buried Treasure" I saw (Channel 2, Fridays, 9 p.m.) was one about a place called Skara Brae, in the Orkney Islands. It was a fascinating piece about this 3500-year-old village buried in a gale all that time ago and unearthed last century.

The programme traced the discoveries of archaeologists at Skara Brae, and a filmed reconstruction of the village showed what it may have been like.

After the film, which I found interesting but incred-



SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

ible, Sir Mortimer appeared, his moustache bristling, and was asked what he thought about the reconstruction film.

He brought the toy village to life, smartly.

"I think this reconstruction is quite good," he said, "but to get a true picture and really appreciate this place you must be born with some appreciation of odor."

"It was completely squalid; the background smells were awful. The whole place stank to high heaven."

One day last week a news item from Karachi reported that Sir Mortimer had just unearthed an ancient city called Pushkalvati that once stood on a major trade route from Central Asia to the Indus Valley.

Sir Mortimer was reported as saying he was writing an interim report about it. From his TV comments about Skara Brae, I'd say the report will paint a vivid, down-to-earth picture.

Sir Mortimer won the hearts of British televisioners and red-dened the face of the B.B.C. a couple of years ago when he appeared on a learned and serious panel game.

In it several archaeologists were asked to guess the origin of some archaeological and antique objects.

Sir Mortimer was the first one to appear. He was handed an object viewers had been told secretly was a 19th-century lark-catcher.

It was a quaint wood-and-glass device which was spun on the end of a pole to catch larks.

Sir Mortimer took the object, held it close to his eyes, and brought the house down when he said, "I think this might be a lark-catcher."

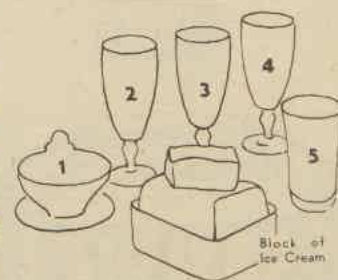
"In fact, I'm sure of it."

"I presume this because it has the words 'lark-catcher' written on it."

Watch out for Sir Mortimer; he's a honey.



*I scream
you scream
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ICE CREAM



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One or two bananas cut in half lengthways standing round a serving of vanilla ice cream, surrounded with chocolate sauce, sprinkle with chopped nuts.



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Fruit salad with serving of vanilla ice cream, trickle of peppermint-flavoured syrup, topping of whipped cream and strawberry.



Raspberry syrup, vanilla ice cream, few slices of banana, strawberry ice cream, slices of peaches, whipped cream, small piece of raspberry jelly.





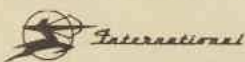
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New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average

★★★ THE ROOF OF JAPAN

Japanese Nature film. In Eastmancolor. English subtitles. Esquire, Sydney.

A GRAND PRIX winner of Cannes Film Festival, this exquisitely photographed study of the flora and fauna of the Japanese high alps is a gem of its kind.

Disney has produced superior animal footage, but he has never had a background to compare with the lyricism of this scenery in its changing seasons.

As well as the animal life of these snowy alps, there is shown something of its bird, insect, and fish life.

Two small black bears emerge as the glamor boys of a film that has its cruel moments—notably the death-struggle between snake and bird.

The commentary is frequently banal, and never first-class. But there are long stretches with no commentary at all, and only the fantastically beautiful mountain foliage and scenery to delight the eye.

Lovers of beauty should make a point of seeing this film, which does so much to make understandable Japan's ancient tradition of poets and painters.

In a word... EXQUISITE.

★ TORPEDO RUN

M.G.M. naval drama, with Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine. In Metrocolor, CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

HERE'S another submarine commander with an obsession to get that Japanese ship.

This time it's Ford, with Borgnine as his executive officer and faithful friend.

Determined to get the aircraft that led the attack on Pearl Harbor, Ford causes the destruction of a transport carrying his wife and child, and his resulting emotional crack-up forces Borgnine into the role of tough, capable adversary.

Young Dean Jones, who's worth watching, has a fairly colorless part as a junior officer.

There's a lot of good photography and some exciting moments, but the action goes on just a bit too long.

Too many close scrapes tend to destroy the illusion of reality created by the good work of the excellently cast submarine crew.

In a word... MALE.

SOMEONE is going to get a very nice break in "The Beach Boys" following the rejection of the leading role by Kim Novak and the exorbitant sum demanded by Liz Taylor as her proposed replacement.

Strongest tips for the job are Columbia's young Joanna Moore—newly signed to a seven-year exclusive contract—and the unknown Jo Morrow.



HAPPY young newlyweds—20-year-old James MacArthur, adopted son of actress Helen Hayes, and his childhood sweetheart, Joyce. James is using a year's leave from Harvard to continue making pictures.

MOVIE GOSSIP

CLARK GABLE will go to Italy to star in "Bay of Naples" for Paramount after he has finished "But Not for Me," now before the cameras.

"Naples" is a romantic comedy of an American lawyer who, after going to Italy to get an orphaned nephew, falls in love with the child's nursemaid.

The girl to play opposite Gable has yet to be chosen.

MARIO LANZA hopes to set up an independent company to make a film called "Golden Voice." He hasn't any money, but is hoping that M.G.M. will finance him. He also has a deal with one

of Germany's greatest producers, Artur Brauner, to make "Granada" and "Tales of the Vienna Woods."

NOW we know why Van Johnson is such a regular visitor to Britain for filming.

Says freckled, still-boyish Van: "I don't dig the Hollywood tempo. Over in Britain it is much more restful. I'm an old man of 42 now, and if the director here gives me a chance of playing a scene sitting down I jump at it."

"In that pickle factory in Culver City I finished a film on Thursday night—and they had me start a new one on Friday morning."

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8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA

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Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

[from page 47]

was nervous as a witch on Hallowe'en. When he sent that message to Tuzmani he was covering for himself."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Margaret said, trying very firmly to put down her misgivings. "I'm going across to see him right now, anyway, and I'll just mention the fact you don't think there is a real storm. Maybe for once he'll laugh right out loud. Or he would if there was anything funny about a storm."

"Don't!" Sunnie said hastily. "Why not? He deserves a laugh."

"Just don't. Please. It wouldn't be smart. Especially for you. Men are funny. They don't like suspicious women and he might blame my thoughts on you. I want him to like you."

"I thought you said he was madly in love with me?"

"A figure of speech. That comes later. Now don't go mess anything up. Please."

Because of her tennis shoes, Margaret made no sound as she entered Adam's office. She allowed the door to close very softly behind her and stood waiting for a moment in silence. Adam was bent over his drawing-board, his back to her, and at first she thought he was deeply engrossed in his work. Then she saw that his eyes were closed and there was only a blank piece of paper beneath his elbows. His shoulders sagged and his whole body had somehow taken on a posture of utter dejection. She wondered if his work with the storm had kept him up all night.

"Are you just taking a nap?" she said finally. Hand-over was right. He did look like Abe Lincoln, and she thought it very strange that she had never really noticed the resemblance before. Only now he looked like a very weary Lincoln, somewhat like the portraits she remembered in her schoolbooks.

He stood looking down at her in silence for so long Margaret began to be uncomfortable.

"Thanks for coming back," he said at last. "I wanted to apologise for making such a fool of myself on the wharf last night."

"You already did that. Forgiven."

"I like you."

Margaret swallowed hard. When Adam Smith did speak he certainly didn't beat around the bush. "Well . . . good," she said.

There followed another silence, and again Margaret was determined he should do the talking. She stood motionless, her hands clasped behind her, looking up at him almost defiantly. She was no longer uncomfortable.

"There's something I want to tell you," he began. "It isn't easy and, for a little time at least, you will be the only person besides myself who knows it. I want to tell you because some day I would like to see you again . . . maybe under better circumstances. I . . . well, I just never before met anyone who . . . well . . . I want you to believe me now when I try to explain how I feel about you . . . because

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lieve me. I'm making an awful bungle of this."

"You are a little vague," she said. For some reason she wanted him to tell her again that he liked her in just the same way he had done before. It should have been embarrassing, but it just wasn't.

"I've made an even bigger fool of myself. I invented a storm which doesn't exist and I named it Lazy Ethel. The reasons why I did this thing are so childish and complicated there's no sense in trying to explain, but I certainly never dreamed it would cause such an uproar and inconvenience to many people. I just underestimated Pike's craving for action, and what with one thing and another it's a cinch I won't be around here very long."

"I wanted you to know the truth before I went up and told Pike. Then maybe some day . . . when you come back to the States, I could find you, somehow . . . and when I told you again you'd believe that business about my liking you."

His eyes were so miserable Margaret wanted to reach up and caress them. She would believe Adam Smith, all right. Anywhere.

"I guess that's all I have to say. You can go now."

"What . . . do you think Pike will do?"

"Can me, for sure. Then call the whole thing off. I just wish he hadn't been so hasty or I could have stopped him."

"You'll break his heart. I never saw a man so full of enthusiasm for a project. He's

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

from page 54

a changed man, too. It's all right up his alley. You've done him more good than harm."

"I doubt if he'll look at it quite that way. I'm sorry. I'm very, very sorry about this whole mess."

"Pike is going to be a lot sorer. I've got a hunch he has to prove himself. He has the bit in his teeth and he's going to hate dropping it. Isn't there some other way? Couldn't you just let him have his fun?"

"I tried that and it's all ready out of hand. I still have to live with myself."

He went quickly to his drawing-board and after a moment's hesitation scribbled a name and address on a piece of paper. He turned back to Margaret and handed it to her. "Here. Please keep this and write a card when you get home. It's my brother's address and it will be forwarded to me. I'm not just sure where I'll be after this."

Margaret folded the paper and placed it in her pocket. The silence between them was broken by the sound of the engines in the landing craft. As she listened they roared to full power, then gradually diminished. When it was quiet again, she said, "Anyway, they'll have a fine boat ride at Government expense."

Adam went quickly to the door.

"That must only be the first load. I've got to stop the rest.

I'd better go see Pike right now."

"Good luck."

"So long . . . Margaret. Thanks for taking my folly the way you have."

She did not leave the weather office immediately. Instead she climbed on Adam's stool. Through the screen window she could see him hurrying up the deserted street towards Pike's house. He

is from this height. Not much more than three miles.

"We're out of sight of the land," Aubrey Tinsman said. "I shall pretend I'm cruising on my yacht."

Turning to Carlos Raveza, who had been assigned to the first boat on the theory he would have time to set up his portable light plant, Aubrey said, "Steward, you may bring my bouillon now."

"For a certainty, this is absolute foolishness," Carlos Raveza answered. "If we are



looked so very much alone. And she thought, if anyone knew what it was like to feel alone in a hostile world, she did. So she tried very hard to think of some way to help Adam Smith.

There were forty-five people in the first landing craft to leave the wharf at Pistol Two. As it cleared the channel and entered the calm expanse of the lagoon, the passengers settled down as comfortably as they could manage in the confined space. For many it was their first real view of the lagoon, so the novelty of its clear depths held them entranced for several miles. The children were especially excited, and it was all the mothers could do to keep them from falling overboard as they clambered up and down the high-sided craft and fought for vantage points.

There was no complaining, most of the passengers having accepted without question Albright's explanation that it was only a drill. There was even, as Pike had hoped, a festive air about the expedition. This atmosphere would have been easier for all of them to maintain if the diesel engines had made less racket. Because of this noise the majority of the passengers were obliged to settle down and wait in thoughtful silence.

The only place in the craft where it was possible to carry on wholly intelligible conversation was in the bow. When the channel entrance and the buildings of Pistol Two had sunk beneath the horizon, several passengers gathered there who were not attached to any particular family group. So it was that Peter Hildebrandt found a comfortable seat on a box which he almost immediately surrendered to Crystal Blum, who ran the laundry.

"Don't thank me," Peter said with a little bow. "I am in your debt for doing such a nice job on my shirts."

"Oh, Mr. Hildebrandt! Crystal said with a delighted giggle, 'you are a true gentleman!'"

Dr. Keim, the astronomer, stood looking aft. He rubbed sunburn lotion into his bright-red nose and said, "Look. You can still see the top of the control tower. Just the top of it sticking up . . . right there. In case any of you are interested there is perfect proof the world is round. Our visibility is much less than you think it

going to have a drill, why not just go for a boat ride and then when it has been proved no one knows what they are doing . . . we can return to our quarters like sensible people. I have no want to spend the night on some deserted beach. There will be mosquitoes."

"I didn't think there were any mosquitoes on Nikki," Crystal Blum said.

"Pike banished them by directive," Dr. Case said.

"There will be mosquitoes wherever I go," Carlos sighed. "It is a curse of my family. If there was not so much as a single mosquito before, then there will be swarms of them now I am one of those people. When I left Tampico forever the mosquitoes soon starved." "And talking of starving," said Dr. Case. "I presume all the food is on board?"

"What about cigarettes?" Aubrey Tinsman said with genuine alarm. "I only brought one pack and it's nearly finished."

"Beer," Carlos Raveza growled. "I don't see any beer. What kind of a picnic is this?" Dr. Keim was still looking back at the fast-sinking control tower. It had nearly disappeared now, and the two other landing craft following in their distant wake were the only prominent objects on the horizon. "Maybe all that stuff is in the other boats," he said without any real hope in his voice. "If it isn't, then this is a very poorly organised drill."

"What about blankets?" Crystal Blum asked. "We ought to have something to sit on. It isn't very comfortable just sitting on sand. I went on a vacation once at Virginia Beach and—"

"Or sleeping on it," Dr. Case interrupted sourly.

"What do you mean sleeping on it?"

"We are obviously supposed to spend the night on Mr. Raveza would not have been invited to bring along his lighting plant."

"Have no fear," Carlos said. "I will never get it to work. There is no possibility. We will have to go back then."

"Is this trip really necessary?" Aubrey said. Then his attention was captured by a line of dark objects stretching across the cobalt blue of the water ahead. "Look! Cannibals! White man, go no farther!"

Tanni looked back over his shoulder and saw the landing craft of the Americans approaching. Instinctively he quickened the rhythm of his paddling, although he knew very well that even his enormous arms were little better than useless in a race against machinery. He looked thoughtfully at the line of his people's canoes spread out on each side of him. Ahwei! This was good! The people were singing and laughing and joking as if it were Bastille Day.

The paddlers began to shout, urging each other to greater speed, and then they began a chant which Tanni had not heard for a long time. The sound of it, rising rapidly stroke by stroke, caused a tingling of pleasure along the skin of Tanni's bare arms; and he joined in the chanting. He allowed his heavy voice full expression.

Farther along the line he was delighted to hear the unmistakable voice of Huahenga, penetrating even at a distance. And it was not, he thought with strange satisfaction, a rhythm or a melody she had ever sung in church. There were no formal words to the chant, for not even Huahenga's mother was likely to remember them, but the rhythm and proper joyousness soared up from the breasts of all the singers and Tanni found it more deeply moving than anything the elders had ever offered. "Alli, alli, yay! . . . Alli, alli, yay! Ahwei!"

Then, without intention,

his face and the tingling subsided beneath his skin. For the chanting had brought him a vision of the lagoon which was so different from what he could see now. He wanted to groan instead of sing. He saw the lagoon as it had once been, as his grandfather and great-grandfather had described it, in voices which even in the telling became vigorous again. The lagoon and the sea around Nikki were dotted by a thousand canoes. This same chant echoed and re-echoed across the lagoon and was carried far over the horizon when the young men paddled and sailed the six hundred kilometres to Tuamani for war. There were villages situated around the entire coral circlet of Nikki, and there was even a large settlement near the very place they were headed now. Ahwei!

There was no longer any trace of it, nor of the others. The people of Nikki had vanished, or nearly so. Outsiders had begun to frequent Nikki in his great-grandfather's youth. They appeared more frequently and were welcomed in his grandfather's time, and his father had seen the true beginning of the end. The people died because the outsiders brought disease they could not fight with their clubs or spears. The people died because the old customs upon which they relied were pronounced evil, and this had a way of killing the desire to live. And so, in time, many

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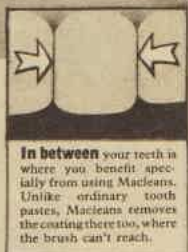
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more of the people simply expired.

Tanni looked over the pitiful fleet about him. There were no more than twenty canoes or, perhaps, twenty-five, and there were less than a hundred people in them. Which was all of the people in the village of Nikki.

He glanced behind him again at the snarling landing craft. They were almost upon the line of canoes and in a few moments they would pass. What were these outsiders bringing? Why had they felt the need to come to Nikki? Why had they left their own villages and travelled so many kilometres only to leave again and vanish as surely and completely as his ancestors?

According to Terry Mack they would cause an explosion, not on Nikki, but near Tuamani or Oa Titia, and this would kill all the fishes and the birds which had survived a hundred storms. They were not doing this unexplainable thing on Nikki, because they did not wish to kill people — not even the few on Nikki. Then why, if they did not wish to kill people, did they go to so much trouble about the whole affair?

Certainly not just to kill the fishes and the birds, for it was said they would not even touch their dead bodies. Then why?

Tanni felt his headache returning, and just as the first landing craft came abreast of his canoe he decided the hurt between his ears came from utterly useless thinking. He looked up and saw heads ap-

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The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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pearing like bleached coconuts along the sides of the landing craft. The owners of the heads were shouting and waving, and a few of them were taking his picture with their cameras. Tanni saw very distinctly that they were most friendly.

Certainly they did not appear to be the kind of people who would devote so much effort to the killing of fishes and birds. He found himself wondering if they would soon begin to vanish like his own people. Or had it already begun? Were there atolls where they had come from, once heavily populated and now almost deserted? Had they, too, somehow lost the desire to live? Ahwei! My head!

Tanni paused long enough to raise his paddle and acknowledge their waving. He saw with approval that his people in the other canoes were doing the same thing. Almost at once their delighted shouts of greeting were drowned out by the exhaust from the engines. The landing craft passed swiftly through the line of canoes, leaving them bouncing wildly in their wakes.

The singing had ceased in the canoes, and for a moment there was only the fast-diminishing roar of the engines. Then, before it was entirely quiet in the lagoon, Tanni raised his voice in the chant again. Looking at the sky, he thought that the sooner they reached land again the bet-

ter. So in spite of the terrible ache in his head he gave his voice all the lustiness within him. The others soon joined in the singing and paddled as industriously as before.

Tanni did not know why his skin failed to tingle again or why the chant seemed to have lost zest. Now it seemed to have taken on a melancholy tone. Perhaps it was because the big American craft had left them behind so easily, or perhaps it was because of the color of the sky.

ADAM did not bother to knock before he entered Pike's office, so he was neither surprised nor disappointed when he was greeted with a heavy frown.

"Where is the real chart?" Pike asked, looking with disapproval at Adam's empty hands.

"You have the real chart," Adam said firmly. "I sent it up with Miss Trumpey at the regular time."

"Now come on, Smith. There's no storm on that chart. I checked just to make sure."

"No, there is not any storm on it or anywhere else, Governor. There just isn't a storm, sir. Lazy Ethel simply does not exist and it never did. You've got to believe me and put a stop to all this nonsense immediately!"

"Nonsense, is it?" Pike pushed back his chair and stood up. His eyes never left Adam as he slowly circled his desk. "Just what kind of a shenanigan are you up to now, Mr. Smith? I was under the impression you were all straightened out and were going to play honest ball with me."

"I straightened myself out and I am being honest. I know you're going to fire me and I don't blame you, but you have got to believe me. There is no such thing as Lazy Ethel! There never was and it is extremely unlikely there ever will be. I dreamed it up, just like I told you the last time I was here. Then I lied because it seemed to be easier going along with you than arguing. You aren't an easy man to talk to, Governor."

Pike studied him in silence. After a moment he turned abruptly away and walked over to the flag standard. He remained with his back to Adam, looking alternately at the flag and the line of palm trees for a long time.

At last he turned around and Adam was instantly sorry for him. He was like a man who had collided with a tree in the dark. His face bore a crumpled look, as if he were totally incapable of mastering the disappointment and honest bewilderment which fought for supremacy within him. When he spoke his voice was flat and so subdued Adam was not at all certain the sound came from Pike at all.

"You mean this, Smith? You confess that you have deliberately tricked me? This isn't a new deception? There isn't any Lazy Ethel?"

"No, sir. I'm sorry. I really am very sorry. I didn't set out to trick you. It just worked that way."

"What would make you do a thing like that?"

"I don't know. I've tried to think it out, but I didn't come up with any very satisfactory answers."

There was another long silence while Pike stared at his boots. Finally he said, "You are discharged, of course."

"You have every right to feel the way you do, sir."

"I won't go into the fact that you have betrayed a trust. Perhaps it's better things turned out the way they have . . . now. Heaven knows what you might have done when explosion date comes around."

Pike returned to his desk, crossing the room very slowly as if the shock of Adam's revelation had somehow brought a stiffness to his joints. "There will be some severance papers for you to sign," he muttered, and now he so deliberately avoided any recognition of Adam's existence he might have been standing out in the road. "I will arrange for transportation to Tuamani for you as quickly as possible. In the meantime I want a full written report from you on this whole matter."

Pike looked directly at Adam, and the hurt in his eyes was such that Adam decided that under no circumstances would he mention Pike's heckling, but would only blame himself. "You realise, of course," Pike said quietly, "that you have succeeded in making me look like a complete fool."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"You will go to your quarters and remain there until further notice. I do not like to use the word arrest, but you should realise I have the authority to use it."

Adam turned, grateful that, at least, the whole thing was over. He wondered if there was some gymnastic feat whereby he could kick himself.

Pike called after him, but now there was neither antagonism nor any indication of a military order in his voice.

"Smith. If you are as sorry as you claim to be, then there is one thing you can do for me. I have no intention of striking a bargain with you, but if you will at least try to co-operate, perhaps I can modify some of the opinions which must be in my own report. Our people have been sent off with the impression they are doing a drill . . . fortunately."

"I don't see where it will have any bearing on this case if that impression is allowed to remain. It will not help their morale if they learn the full details of this unfortunate incident. On the other hand, it will help me considerably if they don't. Therefore I will appreciate it if the matter remains between you and me."

"We'll think up some logical reason for your departure and that will be the end of it. Is that all right with you?"

"Yessir," Adam said quickly. "I'll be only too happy to keep my mouth shut."

"Good day, Mister Smith."

When Adam had left, Pike spent a long time aligning the pencils behind the little sign which bore his name. Once they were exactly end to end, he carefully restacked a small pile of paper-clips until they were also perfectly set one upon the other. And when there no longer remained any convenient preoccupation for his hands, they automatically came together in his comfortable isosceles triangle, the apex of which he employed to support his chin.

He sat immobile in his chair, his eyes closed tightly, his mind composing innumerable teletypes for Tuamani, all designed to explain away one Lazy Ethel. None of his compositions offered a reasonable excuse for his action in closing down Pistol Two and sending the entire population over ten miles across the lagoon. None of the messages, forming and re-forming in his mind, suggested that a responsible and, most of all, stable personality was in charge on Nikki atoll.

Gradually, Pike saw the ingredients of a personal disaster creeping across the clutter of teletypes in his thoughts, and he knew only too well that he was poorly armed against high-echelon censure. Whether Adam Smith had originally intended to bring about his final defeat was beside the point. There were nuances of peril of which he could not possibly have been aware.

For example, Smith could not have known of the backstage manoeuvring which had brought Zebulon Pike to Nikki in the first place. It had been a very close thing indeed, and there were several times when it had seemed only a wishful hoping that the job could be won. Pike knew of at least five retired general officers, three of them with most distinguished war records, who were even now cursing over their peony gardens and protesting to the highest authorities that in the selection of Zebulon Pike the most flagrant favoritism had been shown. Which was true enough. There was, of course, nothing crooked about it, although the words scandalous, outrageous, criminal, fantastic, and shame had all been uttered by the disappointed candidates and their respective families.

It was largely a case of nostalgia which had prompted Pike's old polo teammate, "Owlhead" Wheeler, to recommend him. And since "Owlhead" had served through many years of staff assignments, he knew his way around Washington much better than he had ever learned to hit a

near-side forward shot, despite his remarkable ability to re-voice his head. He had pointed out to the selection board that highly decorated war heroes were ever reluctant to forget their prerogatives.

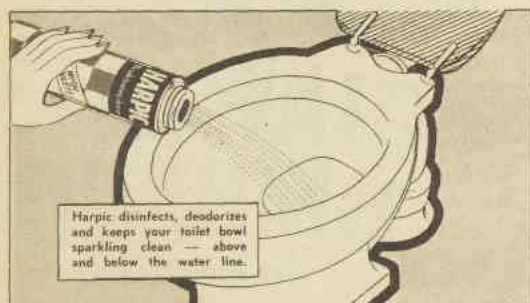
They might be dashing, but they also revelled in friction and trouble. Examination of Pike's record easily proved to the most doubting that none of these things need be feared in his case. He was, one member of the board remarked, as obscure as a titmouse.

Once the Korean war had limped to conclusion, the surplus of formerly high-ranking Army officers became appalling. Pike could not imagine where they had all come from and, of course, there was the Navy, too. Every peaceful retreat in the United States suddenly blossomed with discreet signs identifying the modest house behind it as the final residence of General Blank or Admiral Blank or Colonel Dash or Commander Dash.

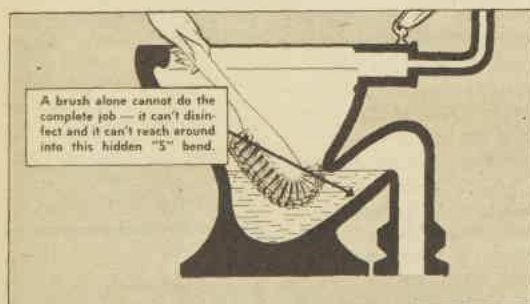
The countryside sprouted with these men pattering in their gardens, raising dogs which did not require too much food, donning tweed coats when they escaped long enough to go for the mail, and serving on as many local committees as they could possibly infiltrate. On the whole they tried to participate as actively as they could in every local enterprise. And they conducted themselves with notable dignity, perhaps too much, Pike thought. They were almost

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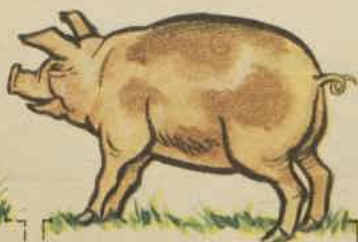
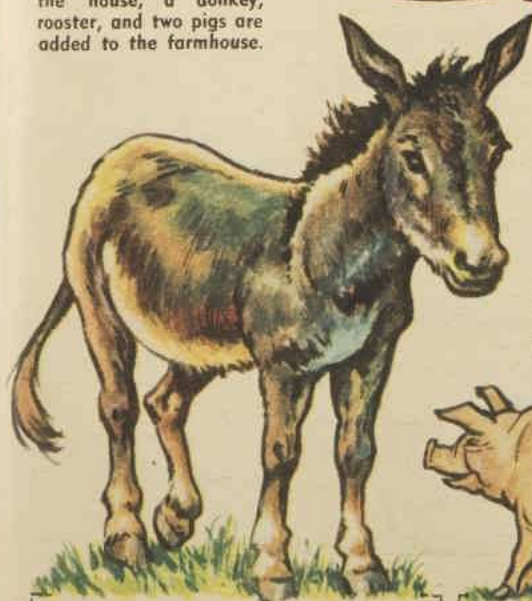
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mercely determined to be good citizens.

They went out into their native land as children, hopelessly, willingly; convinced that at last they would reap some kind of reward. Except for those very fortunate few who had married rich wives, the results were far from spectacular. They soon discovered that their pensions left no provision for the occasional bottle of Scotch which might make entertainment of their new neighbors an easier affair.

They found it almost impossible to understand or participate in conversations with the younger men who were engaged in the fast-changing business of making a living. Having always known that their own basic needs would be provided for, talking to businessmen of their own age was not much easier. If they were also retired, then those harness-worn men preferred to recall the era in which they had served as executives in some corporation, a world of secretaries, contracts, conventions, and tolerated conniving. They were not even slightly interested in the manoeuvring of battalions or who commanded what battleship.

Worst of all, there were those whom Pike and his fellow officers thought of as professional taxpayers. They secretly, and sometimes not so secretly, resented the very existence of any retired military man. They resented his meagre pension as if they had just reached into their wallets and paid it directly, and they had a great deal to say about how no one had ever offered to take care of them from the cradle to the grave. This was the cruellest rebuff of all.

So it was not going to be easy . . . this explaining away of Lazy Ethel. There were men on Tuamani who remem-

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bered the circumstances of Pike's selection, and at the very least a few of them would begin to wonder if the original objectors were not right. The slightest inefficiency within the vast framework of the A.E.C. met with the most searching appraisal. The whole project, of which Zeus was only a minor adventure, was so vulnerable to criticism, the slightest foul-

that the less said publicly about it the better.

Yes, indeed, Pike thought. A cog like himself, who might even momentarily attract the spotlight, would be sacrificed instantly. He was at once haunted by three dismal visions, each originating in

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



up shook everyone from top to bottom.

Pike and his superiors on Tuamani were well aware that the breath-taking budget of their Commission was nearly impossible to justify no matter how the sabres changed around the world. As a consequence, the general feeling within the colossus, and particularly among those directly charged with its confused destiny, was

such a catastrophe. There would be the loss of his twenty-thousand annual pay. There would follow the hopeless prospect of trying to live on his pension, for there was not a dime saved in any bank. And Sue-Anne would seek permanent escape from her sorrows via the bottle. Lovely. And damn that weatherman to hell forever!

Besieged with his thoughts

and visions, Pike leaned far back in his chair, but when Albright entered his office he pretended to be engrossed in his papers.

"Your barge awaits, sir," Albright said. "The last landing craft left twenty minutes ago and I think things are pretty well in hand. Everyone reasonably happy and all accounted for except yourself. Mrs. Pike, our weather wizard, and two Marines I thought best to hold for the last boat. I presumed you intended that we should all ride along with you?"

"Yes," Pike answered vaguely. "Very good, Albright." Then he fell silent. How the devil was he going to explain this thing even to a nitwit like Albright? Finally he said, "You didn't have any particular trouble?"

"Rather to my surprise, I did not. How goes our affair with Lazy Ethel?"

"The situation has changed somewhat. Did you say there are still two Marines here?"

"Yes, sir. Sergeant Doolan and one of his men, Peterson."

"Tell Doolan I want him to come up here and stand by the porch for possible assignment. Something special, may turn up."

"Yes, sir."

"You'd better leave the other Marine here, too. Because of certain new developments, er . . . which I haven't time to explain just now, I'm going to change the set-up."

Pike prodded his shoulder with a gesture that had already become habit. Dammit, his neuritis was still with him. Nursing his shoulder, he said, "I'm sure you'll be needed at the camp, so you take off right now and you might as well take Mrs. Pike with you. When you

get there have a good look around and see if we've omitted anything essential. Then send the boat back for me with any requests."

"What about Smith? Do I take him along?"

"No. He'd better remain here for the time being. I don't think he feels very well."

"Maybe he's been worrying too much about Lazy Ethel. I wish you'd give me the latest news, sir. I'm naturally interested, and when I get over to the north side I'll have to answer a lot of questions."

"As far as our people are concerned this is still a drill. Let's leave it at that."

Pike knew he was procrastinating and he could see that his indecision was suspect in Albright's eyes, but he was still fishing for some kind of escape. It seemed that every road he turned down was barricaded.

"They'll all be wanting to know when they can come back," Albright said.

"Avoid a direct answer to that question."

"Then you just want me to stall?"

"Yes. Just stall them off for a while. Organise a baseball game or something. I'll be along and straighten things out later. But don't let anyone start back until you receive word from me."

"Don't stall too long yourself, sir. Lazy Ethel may suddenly find some energy."

"Ho! Ho!" Pike forced a chuckle and wished that Albright would get out of his office and fetch Sue-Anne, and they would both leave him in peace so he could do some thinking. "Ho! Ho! Don't you worry about old Zeb Pike. I'll clear out long before the advance patrol shows up. You'll find Mrs. Pike on the side porch or possibly in her room."

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"Cottontails"®

BRIEFS designed by Munsingwear (U.S.A.)

Soft, highly absorbent cotton • "Action Gusset" for easy walking • Never ride up • Nylon reinforced legbands for snug fit • Wash easily, dry quickly, **no ironing** • COMFORTABLE ELASTIC WAISTBAND LASTS LIFE OF BRIEFS • White, navy, grey, fawn for school • Girls' sizes 3 to 13, SSW-W. • Interlock, in peach also, from 6/3 • Lightweight from 5/11.

5'11

Stretch Nylon Socks

REGULATION SCHOOL COLOURS



White, vat grey, alpine green, navy, fawn, champagne • One size stretches to fit every girl. • Easy to wash. 6/6.

6'6

Bond's "Tru-size" Vests

GENEROUS CUT...
WON'T SHRINK...

The cotton is spun and knitted by Bond's • Highly absorbent • Boils or machine-washes beautifully • **No ironing** • "Tru-Size" means no skimping in the cut • Many styles, some with elasticised necklines for snug fit. • All in white • Sizes 2 to Maids' from 2/11—5/6.

2'11-5'6



Bond's T-Shirts FOR BOYS

Nylon reinforced neckbands • Finest cotton interlock knitted by Bond's • **No ironing** • Taped shoulder seams for added strength and comfort • Styled by Munsingwear (U.S.A.) • White, Navy, Bright Lemon, grey, Ming Blue, Pink, Lilac, Miami Blue, Calypso Green • Plain colours, 8/6; with Black Trim, 10/6.

8'6



Bond's studied the way boys romp, then designed

Stretchy-Seat Briefs

Form-fitting comfort with every movement • Finest suede interlock cotton • Can't bind or chafe • Boil-proof elastic waistband lasts life of briefs • **No ironing** • Sizes 22"-32" • Only 6/11.

He can't outgrow BOND'S Junior Nylon "SPRINGBAKS"

Stretch nylon socks • One size fits all • Wash easily, dry overnight • Patterns or plain style. 7/11

7'11

6'11



And don't forget to send him Back-to-School with plenty of those rugged cotton "Chesty Junior" Athletics, Only 4'6

Just give her a call. She's all ready to go."

Albright hesitated. He seemed about to speak, then apparently changed his mind. Pike thought with a strange sadness that his attempt at an about-face was the clumsiest he had ever observed. And the shorts only made matters worse. Also his actions would have been easier to stomach if Albright had not chosen to speak out a crisp and very British "Right!" as he marched away.

To prevent what he knew might become a flood of self-recrimination, Pike stood up. He gathered the papers marked "Secret and Classified" and began placing them back in the safe.

Adam had no exact idea how long he had lain on his bunk, simply shifting one of his long legs from time to time, mostly just staring at the unpainted rafters above him.

When he finally sat up and yawned he wondered if he actually had slept, for certainly a considerable time had passed. The room was much darker than when he had entered it, as dark as if it were nearly evening. He glanced at his watch and found that it was only three thirty.

There was still a lot of this endless day remaining. Then he looked sleepily out his window and saw that the sky was overcast, a heavy layer of stratus from the look of things, and he thought, Well, it's going to rain and for once I won't have to listen to Pike grousing about his movie.

He reached under his bunk and hauled out his duffel bag and, after it, his small and much-battered suitcase. He crossed the room to his bureau and was about to pull out the top drawer when he saw that two pocket books had been set pyramid fashion on top of the bureau.

On top of the books was an envelope, and around it someone had wrapped a piece of white paper. He could not imagine why he had missed the odd arrangement except that, when he had entered the room after leaving Pike, he was not noticing much of anything.

He removed the paper from the envelope and unfolded it. Inside he recognised the bold scribble of his roommate:

"Adam—
Sorry missed you in haste of departure. Everybody in a big flap about not holding the boat up. Will see you later at picnic. Young lady in teletype asked to leave enclosed for you. Congratulations! You are apparently making some progress there.

Peter."
He let the paper fall to the floor and quickly opened the

Continuing

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

from page 58

envelope. It contained another note which was clipped to a long sheet of yellow teletype paper. He moved quickly to the window for better light and read eagerly:

"Dear Adam,
Thought you might like to have this sheet as a souvenir. It came through our copy machine after you went to put your head on a Pike. It doesn't make sense to me, but then I'm not half-bright about these things anyway. But I will write to you. Good luck.
Hastily,
Margaret Trumpey

P.S. You certainly cooked up quite a storm!"

Smiling sadly, Adam read the note through twice. Then he removed it from the teletype sheet and folded it carefully. He placed it in his pocket and began, without any real interest, to study the lines of gibberish on the teletype sheet. It was merely an exchange of messages between the other stations which were a part of Operation Zeus; they had automatically been recorded throughout the entire teletype circuit. At first it distressed him to think of himself as the instigator of all these words which clicked so magically through the atmosphere; then as the symbols and abbreviations translated themselves in his mind his fingers pressed harder on the paper.

EACH message was separated by a blank space to avoid any possibility of confusion. He did not study the time of each transmission until he sat down bewildered on his bunk and read the entire series through a second time. The first message was from the northernmost atoll concerned with Zeus, Oa Titia. It was consigned to Tuamani.

Oa-TUA
RE OBSERVATION FROM PISTOL TWO BELIEVE LOCATION IN ERROR POSSIBLY DUE FAULTY TRANSMISSION PERIOD WE LOCATE CENTRE LAZY ETHEL APPROX ONE HUNDRED MILES SOUTH-EAST OF TRIGGER PERIOD MOVING SOUTH SOUTH-EAST APPROX 20 KNOTS PERIOD CONFIRM PERIOD EOM

Then Tuamani had followed a few minutes later with an inquiry to the barren bit of coral upon which Zeus would actually be exploded. Adam knew that two very lonely men would be making weather observations there until only a few hours before the actual event.

TUA-TRIGGER
ADVISE YOU HAVE ANY DOPE ON LAZY ETHEL QUESTION MARK EOM.

Their answer, Adam thought, was brief and certainly to the point.

TRIGGER-TUA
NEGATIVE PERIOD EOM.
Tuamani was not so easily satisfied. The time of their next message was only a few minutes later.

TUA-TRIGGER
ADVISE P R E S E N T WEATHER YOUR STATION PERIOD EOM

Adam saw that the reply had not been sent for more than thirty minutes.

TRIGGER-TUA
OVERCAST P E R I O D LOWER BROKEN STRATUS PERIOD LIGHT RAIN PERIOD VISIBILITY TEN PERIOD CEILING 5000 PERIOD TEMP 68 PERIOD DEW POINT 65 PERIOD WIND WEST TWENTY WITH GUSTS TO THIRTY PERIOD BAROMETER 29 POINT 90 PERIOD FALLING SLOWLY PERIOD WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT QUESTION MARK EOM.

Adam could all too easily imagine the confusion on both Tuamani and Trigger.

TUA-TRIGGER
DUNNO PERIOD IF Oa TITIA ANALYSIS CORRECT LAZY ETHEL IS TO THE SOUTH OF YOU PERIOD EOM

TRIGGER-TUA
WHO IS LAZY ETHEL QUESTION MARK EOM

Adam groaned inwardly. Then he thought, It must surely have been some wag on Tuamani who sent the next transmission.

TUA-TRIGGER
YOU'LL FIND OUT P E R I O D CONTINUE SENDING YOUR COMPLETE WEATHER EVERY HOUR THAT IS IF YOU ARE ABLE PERIOD EOM

Trigger's reply was characteristically brief.

TRIGGER-TUA
WILDO PERIOD EOM

After a month's tour of duty on the explosion site, Adam concluded, the two men had probably lost the art of conversation both with each other and with the outside world.

He wished they had more to say, for . . . just a minute! Just an all-fired whopping minute!

Clutching the paper, Adam jumped to his feet. He went quickly to the window and examined it once more. Just an all-fired jumpin' Judas minute! What was this? Oa Titia did not deny the exist-

ence of Lazy Ethel! They said, or at least that's the way it looked . . . they claimed there was a storm and Oa Titia had almost as big a meteorological staff as Tuamani itself. They were only protesting its location! Could they have just talked themselves into it? Like Pike? Hell, no!

They were technicians on Oa Titia and they knew what they were doing. Then there had to be a storm somewhere and they had just assumed it was Lazy Ethel. Their information was doubtless obtained from far more reliable sources than Adam Smith's imaginary fishing boat!

Hardly trusting his eyes, he quickly reviewed what Trigger had to say. Trigger was only a hundred and fifty miles from Nikki. If any real storm was to the south of it, then that distance could easily be halved, or it might put such a disturbance in a direct line to the west.

Glancing again at his watch he found that Trigger's reply with "present weather" was already more than four hours old. Rain? Trigger had been deliberately chosen because it was known to be the driest bit of vacant land in the hemisphere. Overcast, lower broken clouds . . . meaningless. But the wind! Gust at twenty knots . . . Gusts to thirty!

He could not recall reading a single report from Trigger with a wind of over ten knots. And it was always from the east in accordance with the trades. It could be, then, that Trigger was feeling the effects of a storm's topside, presuming that a clockwise revolving air mass was to the south of them. The barometer was not especially low at the time the message was sent, but they had reported it as falling.

Adam looked out the window. So? Nikki was also overcast and the layer of clouds appeared to be thickening. Could it be that some genie had decided to give birth to a real Lazy Ethel?

He studied the line of palm trees which bordered Peter's new dump and the airstrip. They were nearly motionless. Adam cursed himself for thinking that the very air itself now appeared to be heavy and unusually oppressive. "Oh, cut it out!" he said aloud. "You are worse than Pike!"

But he could no longer tolerate the confines of his room. He walked thoughtfully down the corridor to the entrance of his quarters. He stepped outside and saw that Pistol Two was totally deserted. Cautioning himself that he must not allow his imagination to complicate his life again, he looked up at the sky. It was unrewarding. A vacuous, completely inanimate cloud mass blanketed all he could see. Now it did not even appear as if there might be rain. Yet visual observation, Adam knew only too well, was about as reliable as Pike's neuritis. He had to reassure himself. He had to be sure that he was not going mad.

He started to walk slowly towards his office. To hell with Pike and his confinement to quarters. He was not a soldier. He was not even an employee any longer. I am a nothing, he thought. But there was a triangle and a T square on his drawing-board which he had a perfect right to pack since he had paid for them himself. During the first part of his walk he refused to admit that he really wanted a look at his recording barometer. It just might be very interesting. Holy mackerel! Suppose . . .

By the time he was halfway down the empty street, he was running.

To be concluded

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 26



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, cream.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in sports.

* Take up a new game, or revive your skill in an old one. Keep up a steady pace. If older it might be wise to limit the time spent in practice, yet these influences favor good health and morale. Beach romances flourish, even if you're not a cover-girl type. Let the boys take the initiative; you won't be a wallflower.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, navy.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in good contacts.

* Casual contacts, summer friendships may lead to a permanent worthwhile association. You may mean entrance into a charmed circle, or a job which appeals to you. Letters of introduction, the interest or influence of someone in authority helps you when applying for a position. You may soon have a wish gratified. If in love, an engagement.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in planning your career.

* If planning a career, consider a course of study which will qualify you to pursue your chosen occupation. If older, consider part-time classes open to you. The homemaker should investigate possibilities in general domestic classwork to bring new ideas, and a hobby during the winter. Some of you will meet your life partner in the classroom.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, green.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in keeping to plans.

* If you're blown hither and yon by each passing fancy, or are sensitive to a dozen conflicting opinions, you won't go far. Whether your problems are financial or romantic be consistent when dealing with them. If it's a budget, cling to your programme. If it's a showdown with your beloved, logic will serve you better than emotion.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in social life.

* Enjoy to the full these pleasant days of diversion. You branch out into new circles, gain broader horizons. If engaged or married, you both share experiences among different types of people. This could be an effort at first, but it will pay excellent dividends. Of new workmates or associates at least a few may become good friends.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
Luck in a beauty plan.

* Your figure, face, hair, general appearance influence your life this week. Attend to them with diet and exercises, skin tonic, brushing and scalp massage. Invest in a hairdo. First impressions are important and a reward for your efforts comes with a meeting with a fascinating stranger, whose attention you catch and whose interest you arouse.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, orange.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in speculation.

* Nothing ventured, nothing gained. You'll have to take a chance if you hope to win a prize. Young lovers, if you wish to find happiness, others invest in some scheme at long odds. A few ask for a raise in pay or easier working conditions. Whatever your objective you must risk something; but many will rejoice at the results.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in your own home.

* You'll be more fortunate at home than abroad. You will have leisure to read, pursue a hobby, and rest. You may receive help from an older person. There are changes among household members, such as trips away. Some of you will live alone, temporarily, and like it. If in love, you bring the one-and-only home to meet the family.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
Luck in a short expedition.

* Any journey undertaken with a purpose should bear fruit. Appointments, interviews are under good aspects. You may travel briefly as a member of a sports team, or as a guest at a weekend house party. Display your abilities which called upon, for much may depend on the impression you make. Love affairs could go on the rocks through gossip.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, orange.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in a crowded building.

* An agreement signed, or a purchase made, is likely to spell satisfaction, bring increased economic security. Any decision in regard to business affairs is a good one. You may find an article of value or a sum of money in a busy place where many pass. If fancy free, you meet an attractive person in a crowd. That first date is near.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, black.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
Luck in leadership.

* Asked to take charge in an emergency, you win credit. You can organize anything from a camping trip to a surf carnival. You find ingenious devices to keep everybody happy. You'll live the life of the party; but don't let a modest success go to your head. Give full praise to helpers, opponents, enemies, or you'll create enemies who won't forget.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, rose.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in a kind action.

* Should you be working in a hospital or institution a generous effort to help under difficulties will earn a good boon of you will visit the sick, invalid, or elderly people. This may lead to contacts, and new friendships may be formed in unusual circumstances. A spiritualist could change the life of some of you. Love affairs are gentle.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

• Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was One Me. Each week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

MY small daughter, armed with paper and pencil, approached me and requested that I should draw a sheep for her. Although I am a poor artist, I obliged rather than disappoint her. After gazing at my drawing for a few moments, she asked in a disgusted tone:

"Haven't you ever seen Uncle Bob's sheep?"

£2/2/- to Mr. S. H. LANE, Cooroy, Qld.

FROM an early age I realised that I had no singing voice and so never sang. Noticing my silence at church one Sunday the minister asked why I did not join in the hymns. When I explained why, he patted me on the head and said:

"God likes to hear the crows."

£2/2/- to Mrs. E. L. PATCHING, Castlemaine, Vic.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was One Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



the gentle
"won't-burn-eyes"
action means...

No more
tears

from soap in the eyes

Children love it
for its "No more
tears" secret.
You'll love it,
too, for the way
it sheens as it
cleans... leaves
hair silky-soft
and easy to
manage.



Johnson's
BABY
SHAMPOO

DRIVE SAFELY

Don't let drowsiness
or fatigue turn you
into a dangerous
driver. Stay wide
awake at the wheel

No-Doz
AWAKENERS

Safe as a cup of coffee
AT YOUR CHEMIST

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3160. Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make child's blouse. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1 to 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5059.—Front-buttoned coat-dress. The pattern includes short and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust. Requires: Dress with three-quarter-length sleeves, 3½ yds. 54in. material; dress with short sleeves, 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 644 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 644 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F6852

882

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

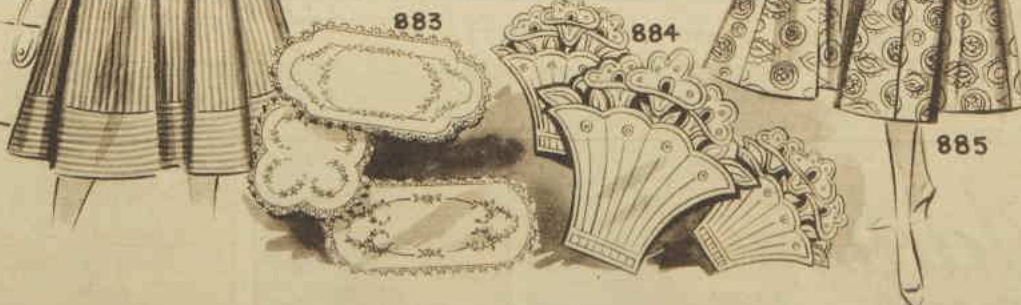
No. 882.—ONE-PIECE DRESS. Cool summer dress is obtainable cut out ready-to-make in stripes, no-iron cotton. The color choice includes blue-and-white, pink-and-white, lilac-and-white, and coffee-and-white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 39/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 883.—SANDWICH D'OYLES. Three pretty d'oyles are obtainable cut out ready-to-make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edge is not supplied. Price 1/- each, or 2/3 set of three. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 884.—FLOWER BASKET DUCHESSE SET. The set is obtainable cut out ready-to-make and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 885.—AFTERNOON DRESS. The dress is obtainable cut out ready-to-make in a flower-printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes lemon-and-blue on pale blue ground; lilac-and-lemon on a pale green ground; and mauve-and-lemon on an aqua ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 39/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



883

884

885

Out- dates all others

New
MUM
Stick
Deodorant
Checks
Perspiration
Too!



EXTRA PROTECTION... fully protects personal freshness and keeps under-arms dainty 24 hours a day.

EXTRA APPEAL... ice-pink, cool, in fashionable "young-look" pack.

EXTRA VALUE... more for your money... and the best. Full one ounce for just 6/3.

EXTRA QUALITY... non-crumblly to the last. Bland, safe for normal skins and the finest fabrics.

ICE-PINK
MUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS



*If you don't
know what this is*

*... your guests certainly
won't know either*

An Addis Lavatory Set with an unbreakable polythene cover. The hidden-away brush has nylon tufts that cleanse thoroughly, shake dry instantly and do not drip—stay clean and fresh always. Choose a colour set to match tiles and fittings from these colours . . . pink, blue, primrose and jade.



BUSTER. The nylon whisk brush—ideal for furnishings, upholstery, skirtings and for inside the car.

Make washing up lighter and keep hands above water with bright, long-handled Addis brushes. **BRIDGET** swishes clean the dirtiest dishes, cutlery and glassware. **FIDGET** scours stubborn pots and pans.



SCRUB BRUSH with long-wearing nylon tufts. Keeps baths, sinks, tiles, paintwork and lino spotless. A quick rinse in warm soapy water keeps it brand new.

Addis

COLOUR-MATCHED DOMESTIC BRUSHES



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **PRINCESS NARDA** have had all memories of a former visit to the planet Magna erased from their minds, so they do not realise that a ring Narda wears was a gift from Magnon, Emperor of a million planets, and his wife, Carola. Now the royal couple are awaiting

the birth of an heir, and since Mandrake and Narda were responsible for their meeting they decide to call the child "Nardrake." Great celebrations are being planned for the christening of the baby, and Magnon wants his earth friends present for the great event. He sends envoys to earth. **NOW READ ON:**



EMPEROR'S SHIP CALLING. LOOKING FOR PLANET EARTH. ARE WE IN RIGHT SOLAR SYSTEM?

NO, YOU WENT TOO FAR. THIS IS SIRIUS SYSTEM. GO BACK TO ALPHA CENTAURUS, TURN RIGHT UNTIL YOU SEE A SMALL YELLOW STAR--



THANK YOU.

NOT FAR, ABOUT THREE PARSECS.

WHEN THESE YOKELS SAY THREE PARSECS, YOU CAN BE SURE IT'S FIVE.

PARSEC-- 3.26 LIGHT YEARS



--THIRD PLANET FROM SUN, ONE MOON. THIS MUST BE IT. EARTH.

GO INTO AN ORBIT. I'LL TAKE THE SCOUT SHIP DOWN, AND WHAT A SCOUT SHIP--?



HOW DO I FIND TWO PEOPLE, MANDRAKE AND NARDA, AMONG TWO BILLION?

YOU HAVE LOCATION WHERE WE RETURNED THEM BEFORE. GO ON FROM THERE. ASK AROUND.



USE THE EARTH COSTUME-- REMEMBER THE LANGUAGE--BE SURE TO LAND UNSEEN.

I KNOW, I KNOW. I'M LANDING UNSEEN. SHUTTING YOU OFF NOW.



TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



DEAR, I'VE BEEN PLAYING THE PIANO FOR HOURS AND I JUST CAN'T GET THE KEY!



NEVER MIND DEAR,



I'LL FIND IT FOR YOU AND LOCK IT UP!!!



*The broom
that's as easy
to wash as
a hair brush*



Just wash in soapy water and it will be as clean as a new broom . . . and will sweep like a new one, too. Nylon tufts dry instantly. It's longer-lasting. Choose your Addis broom from these gay colours—red, green, yellow.

• 'Magnetic to dust' nylon tufts attract dirt and dust like magic.

• Because it's washable, the wet and soapy nylon tufts swish clean outside windows and woodwork, bathroom tiles, walls and blinds, as well as floors.

• Unbreakable, washable polythene broomhead. Also resilient—safeguards your furniture.

Addis
COLOUR-MATCHED
DOMESTIC BRUSHES

Innoxia Tan



Yours for the basking

- tans
- soothes
- protects

and it's waterproof

Take cover with a coat of Tan-Innoxia's deflectant that turns away the sun's harmful rays, gives you a glorious golden tan! Tan stays on while you swim - it's waterproof; soothing, if you are already sunburned; it's fragrant. Tan cream (a wonderful powder base during hot weather) 6/11. Tan oil 9/9. At all Innoxia stockists.



Innoxia (England) Ltd., London, Paris, Sydney.

FOR ACHING FEET, TIRED LEG MUSCLES
massage with
AMERICAN FORMULA
dermassage
for instant, soothing relief.

A treat, instead of a treatment, available from all chemists.



BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to useless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get **DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills**. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

TEENA



THAT'S WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I, IF WE'RE NOT THERE TO SEE THAT THEY EAT PROPERLY, THEY'LL JUST STUFF THEMSELVES WITH POTATO CHIPS, POPCORN, COOKIES, PEANUTS, SODA, AND CANDY



THIS IS TERRIBLE! WE CAN'T POSSIBLY GET HOME IN TIME TO FEED THE GIRLS.



- SO WE'LL BE LATE, DEAR, BUT YOU'LL FIND A GOOD DINNER LEFT OVER FROM YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BEFORE. NOW EAT THE LEFTOVERS!!



WHY WE ATE THE LEFTOVERS, LIKE YOU SAID!



- TEENA HAD SOME LEFTOVER CANDY IN HER BAG.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Always followed by numbers (9).
- It is worth a shilling each way (3).
- A slim way to Mohammed (5).
- Such change is going to the root (7).
- Questionable but foul'd (8).
- Article on soon (4).
- Hamlet's comforting for those who dislike noise? (4, 2, 7).
- Cement to protect graft or play a tune (4).
- Pledges of Miss Rope (8).
- Plying for hire (4-3).
- Relative who is more than nice, but not much more (5).
- Importunate creditor of greyish-brown color (3).
- Stark tune (Anagr., 9).



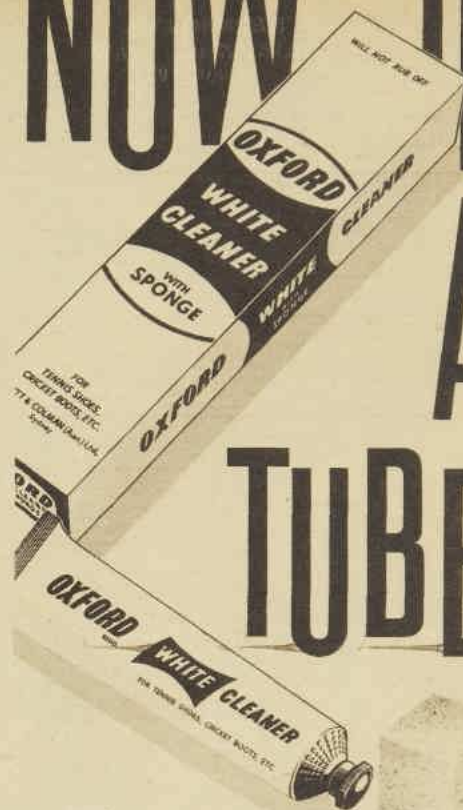
Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Landed proprietor full of air (5).
- Let travel our senses everywhere for such material (7).
- Allure with a politician in it (5).
- One who signs a round robin (13).
- This metallic carbon compound can be water or even a fountain (4).
- This breakfast food is good to save to escape death or injury (5).
- Cain and Abel can be in equipoise if I am not in it (7).
- Red tale told (7).
- Coming into being mostly as small coin (7).
- Ox kept in tin develops poison (5).
- Names for a clergyman's residence (5).
- Bright male in Eastern coin (5).
- If he is free, too, then he is untaxed (4).

Solution will be published next week.

NOW IN A TUBE



WITH SPONGE

for easier application

- Easy to apply
- Quick to dry
- Only one application
- A perfect even white
- Lasts longer
- Will not rub off

ALSO IN BOTTLE WITH SPONGE



a better white for white shoes

OXFORD WHITE CLEANER

UNWANTED HAIR...

WIPE OFF IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Simply smooth on fast-working Veet. Let it remain 3 minutes - then wipe hair off!

No scraping with razors. Hair is melted away just below the surface, skin is left smooth and white. Veet is so easy, safe and quick.

Success is guaranteed or your money refunded.

VEET At your chemist.

Large size, 5/3; Regular size, 3/3.



A subscription to The Australian Women's Weekly makes a fine gift. Enter it by writing to the address given for your State at top of page 2. Western Australian readers should address their letters to 123 St George's Terrace, Perth. Rates are as follows:
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SEEING IS BELIEVING

Look how this droplet of water cannot penetrate the moisture-resistant barrier created by NYAL Baby Powder. The powder forms a film of protection which actually repels moisture. That's why NYAL Baby Powder helps keep baby safe from chafe.



Next time you 'change' Baby...change to NYAL Baby Powder



NYAL BABY OIL

Antiseptic, soothing; keeps baby's skin soft and velvety; non-slip, 4-oz. bottle 3/11.

NYAL BABY SOAP

A pure, rich-lathering soap, super-creamed with lanolin; 1/6, 2/-.

NYAL CALAMINE LANOLIN CREAM

Relieves diaper rash, skin irritations; 2/3, 4/6

NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

Relieves wind pains, tummy upsets; gently laxative; pleasant to take; 3/6, 5/3.

Because it *protects* and *refreshes* throughout day and night, NYAL Baby Powder keeps your baby *comfy* and *contented*. It gives sure, safe protection against irritation-causing moisture; forms a s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g film of protection which cannot "cake." A sprinkle of delicately perfumed NYAL Baby Powder at "change" time keeps baby cool, comfy and contented even through hot summer weather.

REGULAR USE STOPS CHAFING

This regular powdering with NYAL provides the important "in-between-change" protection so necessary to prevent chafing. Because silky-soft NYAL Baby Powder actually "moisture-proofs," it creates a lasting barrier between wet nappies and baby's sensitive skin. The powder forms a film of protection which actually repels moisture, and so stops chafing!

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

NYAL BABY POWDER

ENJOY BABY'S DAY-LONG DAINTINESS

If you haven't experienced the refreshing, light, fragrant perfume of NYAL Baby Powder, there's a treat in store for you! The exclusive perfume helps keep baby fresh and sweet all day long.

Two gentle antiseptics (boracic and alphozone) are carefully blended to give you a powder which is so wonderful you, too, will enjoy using it! Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk) NYAL Baby Powder is beautifully fine to the touch. Mothers everywhere find that NYAL is the *softest, smoothest* powder they have ever used.

Soft, fragrant, moisture-proof NYAL Baby Powder is packed in a handy, sprinkler-top tin. Two sizes: Regular 2/5; Giant Economy 4/9, which gives you almost three times the quantity for twice the price. So next time you "change" baby, change to . . .

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